

OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR A
DEFEATED ITALY BY KINGSBURY SMITH

IS GERMAN AIR POWER FINISHED?
BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

AUGUST 1943



The American Mercury



25 cents

30¢ in Canada

Bull Bill Jeffers Makes Rubber
Education After the War
Before You Call the Doctor —

Jim Thorpe: The Greatest Athlete Alive
The Failure of Local Prohibition
The Straw Hat, *A Story*
The Shape of Things to Come
Brook Farm, Wild West Style
Captain Schumann's Merry Party
Hep-Cat Drama Criticism
In the American Grain
Brookside

George Creel
Bertrand Russell
Donald B. Armstrong, M.D.
and Grace T. Hallock
Frank Scully and Norman Sper
Edward Robinson
George H. Freitag
Waldemar Kaempffert
Stewart H. Holbrook
Stanley Maxted
George Jean Nathan
Philip Rabb
Alan Devos

RUSSIA IS RIPE FOR FREEDOM

By Alexander Kerensky

BOOK REVIEWS • CARTOONS • POETRY

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invisible G-MAN

The Story of Super-Sleuths of War Production

WHEN the FBI gets on the trail of a potential saboteur, tracks him down, and catches him before he can do any damage—that's front-page news! Yet there are a few score unsung sleuths doing this kind of work—all day and every day—in America's war factories. This is their story.

They are the million-volt X-ray units developed by G-E scientists just in time to go to work, all-out, in war production.

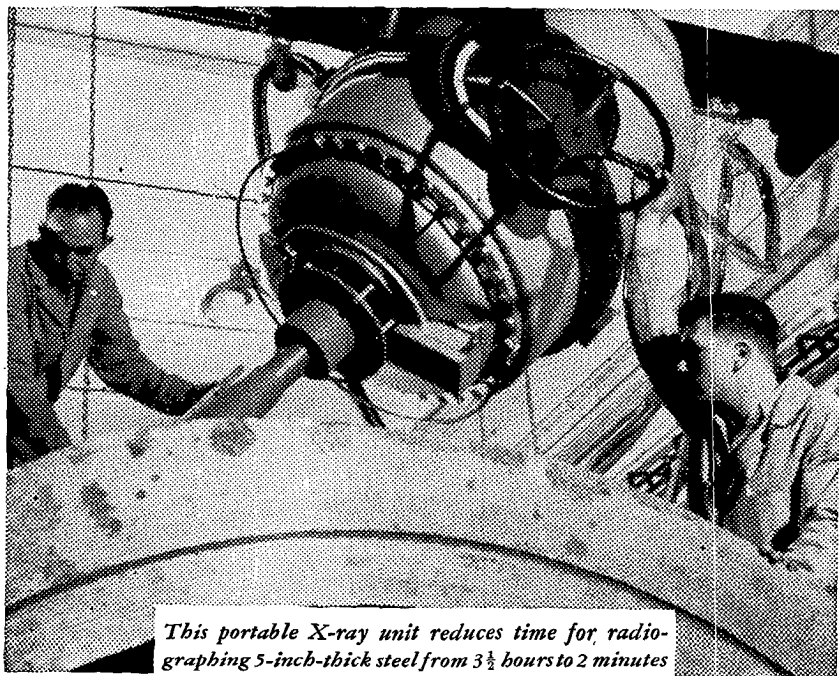
The saboteurs they catch are flaws and blow-holes—unintentional, of course—in big castings for war machinery. The kind of mistakes that *will* turn up occasionally, no matter *how* careful and skillful the foundry worker. But serious all the same.

That's just one calamity the million-volt X ray keeps from happening. It pours out rays like those from radium,

and a lot more plentiful. They pass right through the thick metal; in minutes they show up defects before a stroke of work has been done. Anything that isn't perfect goes back to be melted over—literally liquidated!

It would take a catalog to list all the other war jobs these X-ray units are doing, and violate the rules of military secrecy as well. But we have them because G-E scientists and engineers have been exercising their ingenuity and perseverance on the subject of electronics for years. And they've only scratched the surface.

After the war this same ingenuity and perseverance will bear fruit in things to make peacetime living better. Which is why this promising field of electronics will bear watching! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



This portable X-ray unit reduces time for radiographing 5-inch-thick steel from 3½ hours to 2 minutes

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Not since

KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER

**has there been such a powerful
novel of Sweden!**

“**From Sweden** comes this flaming novel, as simple as a folk song, as powerful as a flood, of a people's fight against enslavement. It is a moving and exciting story.”

— *Philadelphia Inquirer*

“**Vilhelm Moberg** is adept at creating the atmosphere of a world over which falls the long shadow of certain doom. Hatred, hunger, lust, and enslavement to the season's cycle, are the driving forces of the book. But underlying them, oblique yet powerful, is the challenge to Sweden which the author surely intends to imply. The meaning of **RIDE THIS NIGHT!** unmistakably, is that no price is too high to pay for the heritage of freedom.”

— *N. Y. Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review*

RIDE THIS NIGHT!

BY VILHELM MOBERG \$2.50

25,000 pigs roamed the New York streets in 1789 . . .

Garbage and sewage were once tossed helter skelter into New York's streets, there to become the property of sun, rain, wind, and a great thriving army of pigs — thus, an 18th Century gentleman handy with a length of rope could always be sure of bringing home the bacon. For a complete picture of the odd, interesting New York of post-Revolutionary days, be sure to read *This Was New York*.

“A ‘Cook's Tour’ of the city at the time Washington was there, poking into shops, inns, the social whirl, theatres.”

— *Hartford Courant*

“You can walk the pig-infested streets of Washington's New York in *This Was New York*, as freshly charming, as scholarly, yet as intensely alive a book about old New York as I have ever come upon.”

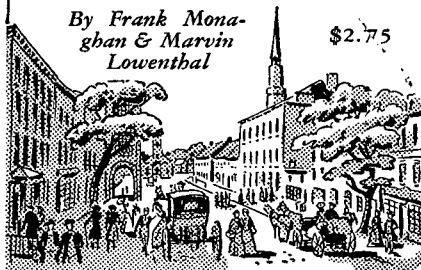
— *Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

This Was New York

The Nation's Capital in 1789

By Frank Monaghan & Marvin Lowenthal

\$2.75



At your bookseller's • **DOUBLEDAY, DORAN**

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
LVII

TABLE OF CONTENTS

NUMBER
236

August, 1943

Our Government's Plan for a Defeated Italy	Kingsbury Smith	135
Is German Air Power Finished?	Major Alexander P. de Seversky	144
Bull Bill Jeffers Makes Rubber	George Creel	153
Russia Is Ripe for Freedom	Alexander Kerensky	158

HORIZONS OF SCIENCE:

<i>The Shape of Things to Come</i>	Waldemar Kaempffert	166
The Straw Hat, <i>A Story</i>	George H. Freitag	173
The Failure of Local Prohibition	Edward Robinson	179
Captain Schumann's Merry Party	Stanley Maxted	186
Education After the War	Bertrand Russell	194

CLINICAL NOTES:

Intellectual War Profiteers	William Henry Chamberlin	204
End of the Comintern?	E. L.	205
Call for Religious Biographers	C. A.	207
"Rollback" Subsidies	Larston D. Farrar	208
Jim Thorpe: The Greatest Athlete Alive ..	Frank Scully and Norman Sper	210
Brook Farm, Wild West Style	Stewart H. Holbrook	216
Before You Call the Doctor —		
Donald B. Armstrong, M.D. and Grace T. Hallock		224

THE THEATRE:

<i>Hep-Cat Drama Criticism</i>	George Jean Nathan	233
--------------------------------------	--------------------	-----

DOWN TO EARTH:

<i>Brookside</i>	Alan Devoe	238
------------------------	------------	-----

POETRY:

I. The Safe Will Never Know	Elma Dean	143
II. Bond	Ethel Barnett de Vito	183

THE LIBRARY:

<i>In the American Grain</i>	Philip Rahv	243
<i>Our Foreign Policy</i>	Sidney B. Fay	248

CHECK LIST		251
------------------	--	-----

CARTOONS: La Palme, D'Alessio, Eric Peters, Peel

Published monthly by The American Mercury, Inc., at 25 cents a copy. Annual subscriptions, \$3.00 in U. S. and possessions, and in the countries of the Pan American Union; \$3.50 in Canada. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00. Publication office, Concord, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Printed in the U. S. A. Copyright 1943 by The American Mercury, Inc. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain,

Mexico, and all other countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. The American Mercury, Inc., accepts no responsibility for submitted manuscripts. No article may be reprinted in whole or part without permission.

LAWRENCE E. SPIVAK, *Publisher*

EUGENE LYONS, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Literary Editor*; Mildred Falk, *Associate Editor*; J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*

GIVE HIM A BREAK !

Evening is about his only chance to telephone home. He can get through easier if the wires aren't crowded—and his calls mean so much to him and the



home folks. So please
don't call Long Dis-
tance between 7 P. M.
and 10 P. M. unless
your calls are really
necessary. Many
thanks.

BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM



The BARCLAY HOTEL

- ★ The convenience of this
- ★ socially central hotel
- ★ affords more time for
- ★ your New York engagements.
- ★ Single Rooms, \$6 and \$7
- ★ Double Rooms, \$8 and \$10
- ★ Suites with Private
- ★ Serving Pantry \$12-\$15

The BARCLAY

★ 111 East 48th St., New York City
William H. Rorke, General Manager



Only \$1 Postpaid

● Step out of the shadow of being a short man. Gain new height and self confidence. Now it is easy to increase your height. Read "What every short man should know". It will help improve your appearance and add inches to your height. Contains facts and hints on increasing height that men less than 6 ft. tall can profit by. Send \$1, orders filled immediately postpaid in plain wrapper, or C.O.D. plus few cents postage. Moneyback guarantee. Descriptive folder free on request.

LITTLE MANUAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 1, Station L Dept. E New York City

The LITERARY BAZAAR

FIRST EDITIONS :: RARE BOOKS
AUTOGRAPHS :: LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT
Stories, Articles, Novels, Books Sold. Our clients on "Best Seller Lists" and in national periodicals. Highly recommended aid for sale and publication of fiction, non-fiction, manuscripts. Unknown authors assisted. Write for information, 49 West 42nd St., New York.

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 24 YEARS

We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 280 Madison Ave. at 40th St., New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS** supplied; also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants — no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices. (We Also Buy Old Books and Magazines.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 W. 48th Street Dept. M New York

WE SPECIALIZE and are successful in finding promptly the "Out-of-Print" or "Hard-to-Find" books which you particularly desire. Please write us stating "Wants." No obligation.

THE SEVEN BOOK-HUNTERS

Station O, Box 22 New York, 11, N. Y.

RARE COINS

COIN COLLECTORS — Read "The Numismatist." Published monthly. News, illustrated feature articles on coins and medals. Sample copy 25c. American Numismatic Association, 99 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GENERAL

A T H E I S T

BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free.

Truth Seeker Co., 38 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**YOU'VE DONE
YOUR BIT . . .**

Now Do Your Best!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



For Your Lighter Reading TRY A GOOD MYSTERY...

Today, relaxation is more important than ever before. That's why so many of America's leading industrialists, professional men and executives turn to a good mystery story of an evening. They know that in the absorbing adventures of a **MERCURY MYSTERY** they'll find a few hours of peace — relaxation — forgetfulness — a slackening of tension so necessary to a fresh start on the problems of the morrow.

MERCURY MYSTERIES, written by such top-notch detective writers as Agatha Christie, Rex Stout, Ellery Queen and Mabel Sealey, offer you the best in contemporary mystery fiction. Two new titles are reprinted each month. At 25c each, these digest-size mystery novels are outstanding values, great book bargains made possible only because leading publishers and authors are accepting low royalties and because the books are printed on special high speed presses in large quantities. Newly reset in sharp, clear type, well printed and sturdily bound in a strong flexible paper cover, **MERCURY MYSTERIES** are easy to read and easy to buy. Check over the list and send for your choices with the coupon below. Money back offer.

46. **THE INCREDIBLE THEFT** by Agatha Christie. "Any book by Agatha Christie attracts attention, but when she hits her stride, she is hard to surpass." — *Saturday Review of Literature*.

47. **THE FOUR OF HEARTS** by Ellery Queen. "A grand mystery; lightly handled and expertly solved." — *The New Yorker*.

49. **MYSTERY MILE** by Margery Allingham. Detective Albert Campion solves a mystery that has baffled the police for a hundred years.

50. **MURDER IN MESOPOTAMIA** by Agatha Christie. The death of a beautiful girl in the ruins of an excavation taxes the powers of the renowned Poirot to the utmost.

51. **HASTY WEDDING** by Mignon Eberhart. "... a sustained atmosphere of horror; one of the best mysteries to come from author Eberhart's typewriter." — *Time*.

56. **THE D.A. DRAWS A CIRCLE** by Eric Stanley Gardner.

58. **THE CASE OF THE DANGEROUS DOWAGER** by Eric Stanley Gardner.

59. **THIRTEEN AT DINNER** by Agatha Christie. "... A truly notable thriller." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

60. **GOOD NIGHT, SHERIFF** by Harrison R. Steeves.

61. **THE SINGING CLOCK** by Virginia Perdue. "One of the most unusual and fascinating stories we've read in some time." — *Boston Herald*.

62. **THE CLEW OF THE FORTGOTTEN MURDER** by Eric Stanley Gardner.

63. **A TOAST TO TOMORROW** by Manning Coles. "Exciting and beautifully written." — *The New Yorker*.

64. **THE BLACK CURTAIN** by Cornell Woolrich. "Once you start it you will want to follow it to its thrills through to the end." — *N. Y. Times*.

65. **VERDICT OF TWELVE** by Raymond Postgate. "Here's a honey — guaranteed to keep you engrossed from cover to cover." — *N. Y. World-Telegram*.

66. **DEATH ON THE NILE** by Agatha Christie.

B21. **MURDER IN 3 ACTS** by Agatha Christie.

B23. **DEATH IN ECSTASY** by Ngaio Marsh. "... few possess her skill at creating potential corpses and suspects and building a puzzle." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

B31. **SOME BURIED CAESAR** by Rex Stout.

B32. **THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY** by Eric Stanley Gardner.

B33. **BLACK PLUMES** by Margery Allingham.

B34. **THE DEPARTMENT OF QUEER COMPLAINTS** by Carter Dickson. "The best bedside collec-

tion that has shown its head for many a day." — *The New Yorker*.

B35. **THIS IS MURDER** by Eric Stanley Gardner.

B36. **THE REGATTA MYSTERY** by Agatha Christie.

B37. **THE WHISPERING CUP** by Mabel Sealey.

B38. **HANGMAN'S HOLIDAY** by Dorothy L. Sayers.

B39. **THE BOOMERANG CLUE** by Agatha Christie.

B40. **\$106,000 BLOOD MONEY** by Dashiell Hammett, author of *The Thin Man*.

B41. **THE FLEMISH SHOP** by Georges Simenon. "When it comes to mystery, you won't find anything better than this French author." — *The New Yorker*.

J1. **THE CHINESE ORANGE MYSTERY** by Ellery Queen.

J2. **TOO MANY COOKS** by Rex Stout. "It's a whiz of a story."

J3. **A MAN LAY DEAD** by Ngaio Marsh. "Perfect escape entertainment." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

J4. **THE BOWSTRING MURDERS** by Carter Dickson.

J5. **THE FRENCH POWDER MYSTERY** by Ellery Queen.

COMING NEXT MONTH

Ask your newsdealer to reserve a copy for you

August 3 — No. 67. **MYSTERY IN THE WOODSHED** by Anthony Gilbert. "Keeps you goggle-eyed with suspense." — *N. Y. Times*.

August 13 — No. B42. **G-STRING MURDERS** by Gypsy Rose Lee. "... just \$100 worth of fun and three violent deaths thrown in for good measure — it's terrific, no kiddin'." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

MONEY BACK IN 5 DAYS . . . IF YOU WANT IT

MERCURY MYSTERIES, Dept. AM 843
570 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Mercury Mysteries whose numbers I have enclosed below. I enclose \$..... (25c per mystery) — no extra charge for postage. It is understood that I may return any mysteries I care to within 5 days after I receive them for full refund of their purchase price.

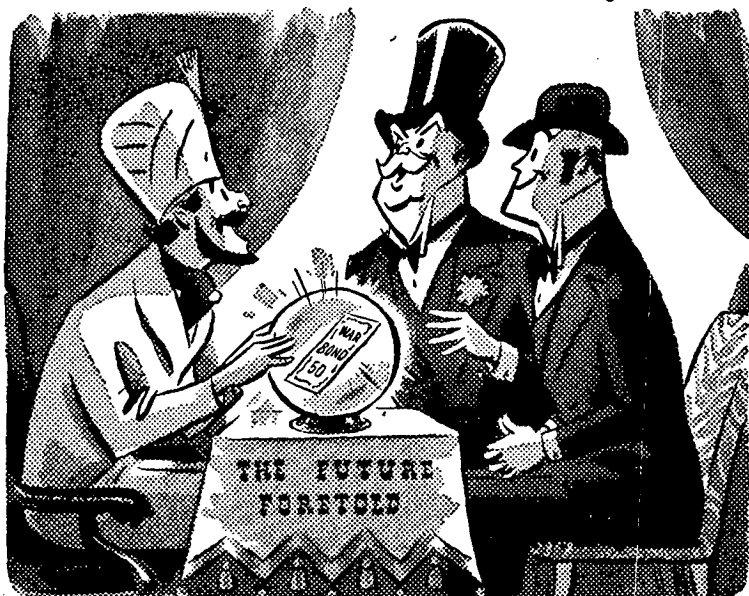
46 47 49 50 51 56 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 B31 B32 B33 B34 B35 B36 B37 B38 B39 B40 B41 J1 J2 J3 J4 J5

Name.....

Address.....

City..... No..... State.....

Metropolitan Moments by Wisdom



***“Your *Future*, Sir, Will Be O.K.
If You Buy More War Bonds *Today!*”***

You needn't go to a fortune-teller to know that money invested in War Bonds insures your future *two* ways. First, it helps Uncle Sam buy the things he needs to win the war! Second, it accumulates a savings fund for *you* after the war...to buy that new car or new home. For your country, for yourself, **BUY MORE WAR BONDS today!**

A suggestion by the makers of
Calvert Reserve

“The finest whiskey you can drink or serve”

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

The American MERCURY

OUR GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR A DEFEATED ITALY

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

An opportunity to join quickly with the United Nations in making this a better world in which to live is going to be offered the Italian people in lieu of Benito Mussolini's policy of imperial conquest if America's postwar plans for Italy prevail.

The simple life of a small but respected power, instead of a Roman Empire built precariously on somebody else's freedom, is the

rôle envisaged by the American planners for the Italian nation. Contentment instead of conquest; the joy of living pleasantly instead of the hatred-breeding arrogance of aggression. This is the future foreseen for Italy in the Better World Order.

In the belief that the Italians are by and large a peace-loving people, the American plan for the postwar treatment of that country

KINGSBURY SMITH, who has covered the State Department for International News Service for a number of years, was formerly the agency's chief London correspondent. He has received the George R. Holmes Memorial Award and the National Headliners Club Award for outstanding Washington reportorial work. His interpretations of official American policy in relation to Europe, in a series of articles in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, have proved remarkably correct. Previous articles in this series were "The American Plan for a Reorganized World," "Our Government's Case for Expediency" and "Our Government's Plan for Postwar Germany." As this article was put into type, rumors of peace bids by Italy were in the air.

calls for a shorter and considerably less strict control than that which will be applied to Germany.

A far greater degree of distinction is being drawn between the Italian people and their Fascist Government than is going to be drawn between the German people and Hitlerism. We intend to give the Italian people the benefit of the doubt in respect to their support of Il Duce's belligerent policies. We do not believe the Italian people were enthusiastic about going to war in the first place, nor do we believe they would have sided with Germany if Mussolini had not betrayed them into the rôle of an Axis partner. Consequently we are disposed to trust them sooner than we will the German people, who will have to give convincing proof over a much longer period of time that they have abandoned the philosophy of a master race and conquest by force, and are prepared to embrace loyally and permanently the basic principles of peaceful processes.

The speed with which we agree to accept Italy as an equal and respected member of the family of United Nations will depend on what the Italian people do to redeem themselves in the way of overthrowing Mussolini and getting out of the war. We are not

going to impose a harsh peace on the Italians in any circumstances, but we do expect them to make some effort to regain the freedom they lost when they permitted Fascist dictatorship to appear first in their country.

The American Government believes that freedom is not a gift; it is an achievement. Those who want freedom and consider themselves capable of meeting its responsibilities, must, in the opinion of our government, be prepared to fight for it. We want to see the Italian people fight for it. We look to the Italian Army and Navy to lead the people in redeeming themselves and proving to the rest of the world that they want freedom — freedom from both Fascist tyranny and Nazi domination.

If the Italian people fail to take any steps to free themselves and merely wait for the allied armies to liberate them, then a much longer period of control and surveillance is likely to be necessary before Italy is considered worthy and capable of participation as a free and equal power in the community of United Nations.

In other words, the destiny of the Italian people rests largely in their own hands. They must decide whether they will exhaust the remaining strength of their country,

and let the nationhood of Italy ebb out as a servant of a decaying Nazi state, or whether they will cleanse themselves from the evil into which Mussolini and his Fascists led them.

Furthermore, the American Government wants to see the new leadership of Italy emerge from within the country. We are not disposed to impose upon the Italian people some political movement that has flowered in exile. In the first place, we believe the Italian people will prefer to support leaders who have been through the ordeal at home with them, and who have had the courage to rise up within the country and help lead them out of slavery. Such leaders, we believe, will be far more representative of the Italian people than some of the exiles who are scheming for personal political power, and hope to achieve it with the aid of allied bayonets.

Nor is the American Government disposed to help liberate Italy in order to make it safe for political exiles to return and stage a bloody revolution under the protection of the allied armies of occupation. The lives of American and British boys are not being sacrificed to make Europe safe for anarchy. We are not opposed to the Italian people carrying out a

blood purge of the Fascists who have terrorized and oppressed them for the past twenty years. But we believe they should have the courage to do so *before* and not *after* the allied armies have occupied the country.

Our objective is to restore law and order in the world. We intend to bring the Fascist war criminals to account, and swiftly, but we intend to do it through the orderly processes of law. If the Italian people favor a more violent method, then it is up to them to take matters into their own hands before the allied armies arrive. If there is enough fury in their souls over the way in which they have been misled, betrayed and oppressed, we believe they can, with the aid of their Army and Navy, avenge themselves in advance of the allied liberation of their country.

II

While the American Government is prepared to aid a pre-occupation revolt in Italy, it still intends to insist on the unconditional surrender of the country. There is complete agreement between the United States and Great Britain on this score. We will help the Italian Army, Navy, or the people

to overthrow Mussolini's régime, but we will nevertheless demand that the country be handed over without any strings attached.

There is not the slightest disposition on the part of any responsible official in the State Department to favor a deal with anyone in Italy, be they Fascist, monarchist, military, naval or otherwise. Despite the fearful hue and cry of the State Department baiters, a good many of whom are foreign political refugees in this country, America's official diplomatic planners have no intention of accepting anything less than the unconditional surrender of the Italian nation.

On the contrary, they are convinced Italy must be made an example for the rest of the Axis powers. If we make a deal with Italy, all the other European enemy nations, from Germany down to Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, will be encouraged to think they likewise can haggle over surrender terms. For this reason alone, the unconditional surrender of Italy is considered vitally important to the allied cause.

The American Government also intends to insist that the surrender of the country be carried out by the Italian High Command. We do

not want the Italian people to be told in the future, as were the German people after the last war, that they were betrayed into surrender by traitors or elements that did not really represent the nation. This government believes the Italian people are likely to be more impressed with the completeness of their military defeat, and consequently the fallacy of Fascism, if the unconditional surrender is made by the army rather than by politicians, or even by a discredited King.

Neither Mussolini, his Fascists, nor King Victor Emmanuel will be acceptable as candidates for the job of handing the country over to the Allies. High Italian army officers known to have the respect of the people will be the group from which the United States and Great Britain will demand the surrender of the nation.

The American Government also is insisting that Italy surrender to the United Nations as a whole. *There already have been "feelers" concerning the possibility of Italy's surrendering to the United States alone.* It appears that Italians interested in seeing their country withdraw from the war as soon as possible believe Italy would receive better treatment if it were able to surrender to America alone. The

Italians fear that if they surrender to the United Nations as a whole they are likely to be roughly handled by some of the Allied Powers insofar as their future destiny is concerned. Rome has no illusions, for instance, about the likelihood of Moscow being disposed to forgive and forget the part played by Italian troops on the Russian front.

The Italians foresee France, Greece, Yugoslavia, Ethiopia and little Albania lining up with Russia at the United Nations council table to oppose any undue leniency to Italy in the discussion of final peace terms. It is, therefore, understandable why Italy would like to throw herself on the mercy of the United States alone. Rome may well think that the large body of Italian-Americans in this country could exert some influence in urging a policy of leniency toward a nation for which America had a traditional feeling of friendship until the outbreak of World War II.

The position of the American Government, however, is that it cannot make any separate peace agreement with Italy. Under the terms of the United Nations pact of January 2, 1942, the United States is pledged to make "no separate armistice or peace with the enemies."

Italy is being told that it must rely on the assurances of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill that the United Nations will not impose a cruel or unjust peace. At the same time it is being made clear to the Italians that the sooner they surrender, the more support they can expect from the American and British Governments in connection with the leniency of the final peace terms.

III

Establishment of an allied military government in Italy under American command is planned following occupation of the country. *Some U. S. Army civil affairs officers who are slated for occupational administrative work in Italy already have arrived in North Africa.* Others are being trained as Italian administrators at the Army School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia.

It is not anticipated that the period of allied military rule will last long in Italy. When order has been restored, arrangements made for the disarmament of the country and the war criminals rounded up, an allied civil government will take over from the military.

The allied civil government will remain in control in Italy until the

Italian people have had an opportunity to establish a responsible, respectable and representative non-Fascist Government of their own free choice. How long this will take depends largely on the people themselves, especially their willingness to abandon the philosophy of Fascism and to cooperate with the United Nations in establishing a Better World Order. The control period may last anywhere from six to eighteen months, with a year considered most likely.

During the period of allied control, the Fascist Party will be outlawed. The American Government is determined to prosecute the war against the entire Fascist régime in Italy whether in or out of office. All Fascist organizations will be disbanded. Fascist uniforms, insignia, etc., will be forbidden. Leading Fascist Party officials will be removed from public office. Those suspected of war crimes, or responsibility for permitting them, will be tried by military tribunals and, if found guilty, will be given swift and stern punishment. This includes Mussolini and the Fascist hierarchy, *and does not necessarily exclude the King*. He, too, must be held to account for his acquiescence to Il Duce's outrages.

As for the future of the House of

Savoy, the American Government intends to leave that up to the Italian people. If they want to keep the monarchy in Italy instead of establishing a republic, their right to do so is guaranteed by the Atlantic Charter. That is one of the issues they will be permitted to decide in the free elections to be arranged by the allied civil government.

The American plan for a defeated Italy also calls for the disarmament of that country, as of the other Axis Powers. However, it is not intended to deny the Italian people an opportunity to participate in the postwar security system for the maintenance of world peace. The extent to which the Italians use their armaments now to regain their own freedom will have an important bearing on the final decision as to what they may be permitted to retain after the war.

Strict control will be exercised over the Italian press and radio during the period of allied military rule, but this will be relaxed to some extent when the civil government takes over. An effort also will be made to provide the Italian people with a true and factual report of world events, and especially the aims of the United States and the other Allied Powers.

However, American officials do not anticipate as much difficulty in winning over the Italian people to our ideas for a Better World Order as we may experience with the Germans. It is believed much less educational enlightenment will be needed in Italy to erase Fascism from the minds of the Italian youth than will be required to cleanse the Nazi youth of Hitlerism. Twenty years of Fascism is considered almost likely to suffice as educational enlightenment for the Italian people. But some educational supervision may be necessary, and, if so, there is no reason why a sensible Italian, or German, should object to his children being told the truth about history.

IV

In regard to the territorial future of the country, assurances have been given that there will be no dismemberment of the United Kingdom which Italy became in 1861. These assurances will be kept. However, *the American plan does call for the withdrawal of all Italian forces from Albania, Yugoslavia and Greece.*

Some slight rectification of the Yugoslavian border around Trieste may be necessary. The

Dodecanese Islands must go back to Greece. The population of those islands is overwhelmingly Greek; they are of no economic benefit to Italy and have been developed by the Italians primarily as a potential base of operations for imperialistic expansion in Asia Minor.

Ethiopia naturally will not be given back to Italy. Its freedom and independence have been restored, and it is a member of the United Nations. While statistics show that economically Italy's African colonies were far more of a burden than a benefit to the nation, there is no disposition to deprive Italians of the opportunity of settling, for example, in Tripoli. It is recognized that Italy has a population problem, though Mussolini was responsible for making it worse by incentive breeding to build an army. There were 363 persons per square mile in the Italian homeland in 1939 as compared with 44 persons in the United States. Thus, it is felt the Italians should have an outlet in Africa, but the American idea for future colonial development is based on the principle of United Nations trusteeship rather than imperialism. Trusteeship would provide equality of opportunity for all suitable settlers under a system that also assured fair treatment to the native inhabitants.

V

It is in the economic field that Italy will be offered one of the brightest prospects of a better future. The American postwar plan calls for financial, technical and other assistance to an Italy which is prepared to cooperate with the United Nations in maintaining peace and establishing a sound international economic system. But the Italian State will be expected to readjust to a considerable extent its economic life in order to fit into the pattern of a sane society of nations.

It must agree to regulate its production and export in accordance with the decisions of a supreme United Nations economic planning council. It must, for example, abandon the policy of trying to make itself self-sufficient in the production of wheat. Mussolini's effort to achieve this objective was designed chiefly to strengthen Italy's war potential. It is impractical for the Italians to try to produce all the wheat they need. They will be asked to concentrate on products for which their internal economy is best suited, such as specialized manufactured articles, including silk, rayon and cotton goods.

In the heavier industries, they will be requested to devote their

attention to luxury liners, cars, and certain highly specialized types of motors. In the agricultural line, olive oil, wine and dairy products will be recommended to them as practical fields of endeavor. The American planners also believe there is a place in world shipping for an Italian merchant marine, particularly in the Mediterranean, on the South American, and to a more limited extent, the North American, run. Tourist traffic also is considered an important item in Italian economy which can be developed.

If Italy is willing to play her part in the United Nations scheme of things, then she will be assisted in developing along these economic lines and given an opportunity to sell her goods abroad.

Raw materials, such as oil, coal, cotton, rubber, iron and tin, will be made available to Italy from a United Nations pool — *not necessarily according to her ability to pay but according to the reasonable needs of her peaceful economy*. This is one of the most far-reaching and revolutionary ideas that the American planners have in mind for helping the smaller nations of the world. It is designed to fulfill the Atlantic Charter pledge that all nations shall enjoy equal access to raw materials. It is also intended to avert

the danger of future wars being precipitated by nations lacking in natural resources.

The raw material producing countries of the United Nations will contribute a certain percentage of their surplus stocks to the pool. Italy will be expected to pay what she can for the required raw materials, but if she needs more than she can pay for, the materials will be made available to her from the pool. The cost to the contributing United Nations will be regarded both as an insurance payment on world peace and as a capital investment in an enterprise designed to develop worldwide economic pros-

perity. Italy may be called upon to compensate the contributing powers, or the United Nations as a whole, in other than direct financial ways. For example, by agreeing to reduce her production of wheat or other products considered as impracticable for her. Thus, intangible benefits will be considered in calculating Italy's economic relations with the other nations.

On these terms, and with this promise of a more peaceful and happier future, the American planners are willing to welcome a free, and friendly Italy back into the brotherhood of civilization.

THE SAFE WILL NEVER KNOW

BY ELMA DEAN

HE has come back to us with his charmed life,
 knowing the things the safe will never know —
 knowing at last how far a man may go
 before he breaks — what thing behind a knife
 can make him stranger to himself . . . and some
 strange always, with far looks and frozen lips.
 He has seen men go from their listing ships
 reluctantly, as men abandon home.
 He has known man-tears and the forced retreat —
 the blessed snatch of sleep from hell to hell.
 Then let him rest. He should not have to tell
 of days made dark with dying and defeat.
 For us he needs no words. His honest eyes
 are full of fallen towns and blackened skies.

► *Warning: a Second Battle
of Britain is possible!*

IS GERMAN AIR POWER FINISHED?

BY MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY

THE extent of the damage inflicted on German industries and communications by our day and night bombing has, if anything, been underestimated here. The Germans have naturally been tight-lipped about the volume of havoc wrought. British and American airmen are conservative in their reports. Yet it is known that in some vital Ruhr areas as much as 50 per cent of industrial capacity has been knocked out.

Germany's logical answer to such body blows should be a furious counterattack on the "unsinkable aircraft carrier" — the British Isles — on which the operations are based. That no such answer has been made is the most noteworthy

fact in the present phase of the war. If Hitler's failure to retaliate should produce a mood of easy optimism and complacent relaxation, it may also turn out to be the most dangerous fact.

The Russian and Mediterranean fronts do not require the kind of strategic bombardment aviation which Germany would need for a counter-offensive against England. They therefore do not explain the absence of retaliation. Only two explanations are possible:

The first is that the Nazis simply do not possess the requisite bombing power. This is distinctly a possibility. They have had no such aviation in action for nearly three years; that is, since the Battle of

MAJOR ALEXANDER P. DE SEVERSKY, the noted airplane designer, builder and pilot, is the author of *Victory Through Air Power*, a book that has had a profound effect on strategic thinking throughout the world. The book has just been turned into a remarkable and fascinating motion picture by Walt Disney, in a combined cartoon and live-action technique that promises to make cinematic as well as military history.

Most of the basic material that went into *Victory Through Air Power* was first presented to the public through articles in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. Major Seversky's views, which in some instances sounded "extreme" at the time, have been dramatically confirmed by events. The primacy of the air weapon, its use as an independent strategic weapon, rather than a tactical or supporting force, and other principles that seemed revolutionary when he first expressed them in the pages of *THE MERCURY* have by this time been generally accepted.

Britain. Has the demand for short-range tactical aircraft for the Eastern and African wars been so heavy that German industry could not spare energy for long-range strategic bombers? Has the German leadership, misled by the experience in the Battle of Britain, stupidly discounted air-power strategy?

We do not know the answers. But if Germany has no strategic bombing power, *then the war is over in all but name*. It is then merely a matter of time before Germany's defeat becomes manifest. Our own bombardment will pound the enemy into impotence and surrender. No invasions will be needed, except as a follow-up occupational procedure after victory is won through air power.

The second explanation is that *Germany has been carefully accumulating, concealing and conserving its bombing power in the past three years for a desperate do-or-die offensive to knock the British out of the war*.

To discount this possibility would be foolhardy, no matter how improbable it may seem at this time. There have been plenty of tragic experiences to warn us against underrating the enemy's strength and resourcefulness. The Nazi High Command knows as well as we do

that it cannot win the war as long as our most powerful air base — England — stands. We must reckon with the chance that Germany has been willing to take heavy punishment and is ready to make supreme sacrifices to cancel out that base.

The existence of a great German bombardment force is hypothetical — the biggest “if” in this war. I feel it my duty, nevertheless, to warn against the possibility of a coming all-out air offensive against England. I am willing to play the rôle of “alarmist” because the stakes involved are too high for wishful thinking. Besides, the measures that must be taken to head off that potential blow are desirable in any case. Those measures are, in sum, greater concentration of United Nations resources on long-range air power; intensified bombing of German targets; and a halt to the squandering of air power on secondary operations which can and should wait until the main job of disarming Germany from the air is accomplished.

II

After its defeat in the Battle of Britain, air power stood discredited in German eyes. It is likely that Goering and his aviation staff were

in disgrace among Nazi military experts. To understand this we need only recall that nearly all our own old-style strategists misread the lessons of that battle. It was some time before they recognized what aviation men saw at the time: that the quality of the Nazi air force and air strategy, rather than air power as such, had been discredited by that operation.

The output of strategic bombing equipment in Germany was probably curbed at that time; and a further curb was imposed by the pressing need for auxiliary types of aircraft in the preparations against Russia. We have no excuse for assuming, however, that production of big bombers was discontinued altogether. Besides, the first large-scale British bombing raids must have restored German respect for strategic bombing no matter how deeply it had been compromised by the Battle of Britain.

Three years have passed since that battle. No matter how curtailed their production, the Germans may conceivably have accumulated a formidable bombing force. We dare not go on the supposition that they were stupid enough to call off entirely the building of bombing power, which is the beginning and the end of true air power. Semi-official informa-

tion indicates that Hitler has *at least* between 700 and 1000 big bombers which have not been in action. The likelihood that the number is vastly greater is too real to be overlooked.

We know that the Germans were producing 3000 airplanes a month in 1940. Suppose 1000 of these were bombers, and half of this number heavy long-range bombers. Suppose, indeed, that after 1940 only 100 a month were heavy bombers — that would still mean 1200 a year. Common sense compels us to credit Hitler with a minimum of 4000 long-range bombers.

It should be borne in mind that Germany, too, pioneered in four-engine long-range bombers. The four-engine Condor flew non-stop from Berlin to New York, refueled, and made the return trip as far back as 1938. Hitler was sinking our ships with bombs a thousand miles from Europe's coast at a time when our strategists were still arguing over the value of such bombers. The deficiencies of the Luftwaffe — in matters of range, bomb load and armament — were so obvious in the Battle of Britain that corrections undoubtedly were undertaken immediately after. The fact that quality is more important than quantity was also demonstrated at that time.

We must take it for granted, consequently, that the Germans, too, have made great progress in the quality of their bombing equipment. They are no slouches either in developing aviation themselves or in adapting ours. The Germans were the first to use rocket propulsion.

They had Radar and other radio devices as soon as we had them. They have brought down enough of our latest machines to know and to acquire our techniques. For all we know they have ready for use aeronautical advances on which we are still working or of which we know nothing.

It should be remembered, too, that the Nazis have a talent for keeping secrets. No outsider, for instance, had any inkling that the Focke-Wulf fighter plane was being built until it suddenly appeared in great masses over France. Once they have decided on a line of action they may be counted on to exercise the single-minded restraint to accumulate necessary equipment and to await the propitious moment for striking, utilizing to the fullest extent the element of surprise.

If, in line with our hypothesis, the Nazis have been building and conserving big bombers for an all-out gamble, the force at their dis-

posal has no resemblance to the primitive aviation they used in the Battle of Britain. Bombing power has grown tenfold in the intervening period. Coventry sustained an attack by 500 planes which dropped 300 tons of explosives. Rostock, two years later, took the same amount of punishment, with fewer than fifty airplanes doing the job — a tenfold increase in efficiency. The Stuka dive-bomber at the beginning of the war carried 1000 pounds of bombs; today's Lancaster carries 18,000 pounds, and airplanes already under development will carry as much as 40,000 or 60,000 pounds.

Until the start of 1000-plane raids against Germany, the temptation for the Nazis to use accumulated bombing power was almost nil. There were no vital industrial or communications targets in Africa to lure this aviation out of its hiding places; and the industry of European Russia was too scattered, and fell too quickly into German hands, to call for big bombers, while the targets in Asiatic Russia, on the other side of the Urals, were too distant. England was almost the only target for such aircraft — a target which, if our hypothesis is correct, the Germans may have chosen to let alone until they were fully prepared.

III

The second Battle of Britain, if and when it comes, will be quite different from the first, not only in scale but in its strategy.

The central fact about the British Isles is that they are largely dependent upon outside lines of supply for fuel, replacements, spare parts, etc. The fact that the Royal Air Force was so small and compact in 1940 gave it a certain degree of safety. It needed relatively little fuel and supplies. A temporary break in supply lines would not have been fatal, even if Germany had possessed the U-boat strength to achieve that. The expanded strength and numbers of the air power now centered on those islands, paradoxically, makes them more vulnerable. A great aggregation of air power on a base which is tied to long outside surface lines of communication can be left immobile and helpless if those lines are severed. The consumption of gasoline and other supplies is so gigantic that the whole force may find itself grounded if the flow is interrupted.

The German strategy in a second all-out aerial attack on England can be visualized as follows:

1. *Concentration of all available submarines in an attempt to break*

supply lines even temporarily, but long enough to exhaust stored-up fuel.

This objective is so important that the Germans might readily reconcile themselves to treating their 600 or more U-boats as expendable material. One can conceive of Axis submarines being withdrawn from the South Atlantic, the Indian Ocean and other places, whatever the risks involved, for a grand concentration in the North Atlantic calculated to accomplish a short but fatal interruption of supplies to the British Isles. (A decline in U-boat activity may prove to be one of the signs that the enemy is conserving and concentrating undersea forces for some such supreme gamble.)

This phase of possible German strategy is so crucial that the utmost accumulation of fuel and supplies in Britain must be given the highest priority. In addition, the British people would be guilty of extreme neglect if they failed to develop distilleries for making gasoline at home from coal, of which they have a considerable supply. Some 60 per cent of Hitler's fuel comes from coal. Britain must not for a moment forget that air power planted on the British Isles is no better than its supply lines. The size of the fuel accumulations

in Britain is a telltale factor in the situation, obviously; but it is also true that the greater the amount accumulated, in a base as restricted as the British Isles, the more vulnerable a target it offers to overhead attackers.

2. *Simultaneously with this intensive blockade Germany would go into the air over Britain with everything that flies.*

The purpose, at the start, would be primarily to exhaust gas supplies on hand. The Nazis would not only strike at all possible fuel storage points, but would employ tactics to force our aviation into the air and thus to use up fuel rapidly.

The natural United Nations answer to an aerial onslaught would be to seek out and attack German air power concentrations on the European continent; that will involve the biggest bombers and the most extensive consumption of gas. The Germans may be expected to establish false airfields and to undertake false activities in order to stimulate such large-scale expenditure of the limited fuel stocks. The submarine concentration, too, would require our use of four-engine bombers to spot submarines and to maintain a round-the-clock vigil over the sea lanes. Another vast investment of fuel would thereby be forced upon us.

If these Nazi tactics are successful, depleted gasoline would soon oblige the defenders to ground their bombing power, in order that the available supplies might be kept for defensive purposes — that is, for fighter planes. As soon as this is accomplished, the Germans would be in a position to move their shorter-ranged bombing equipment to coastal points to augment their big bombers.

3. *As to the kinds of targets the Germans would be likely to attack:*

They could virtually ignore industry this time, giving all their attention to harbors and lines of communication internally. Once fuel has been depleted, and its flow from overseas cut off, further production of airplanes is no longer a threat to the attacker. Those airplanes will be unable to go into action, and may even tend to congest the factories and storage points. Bombing power will be applied to the destruction of loading and unloading capacity in ports and to paralyzing railroad and other communications in England. Because the island is relatively small and the network of railroads tightly woven, air power can put it out of commission most readily.

What can be visualized, therefore, is a *vertical pincers* pressure on England: an undersea arm cut-

ting off lines of supply, an overhead arm disrupting internal lines and ports.

If this dual pressure succeeds, the British Isles would be helplessly exposed to continuous and systematic bombardment on a scale without precedent.

For Hitler and his crowd the second Battle of Britain would represent a desperate, agonized, suicidal final punch. Their alternatives would be only victory or obliteration. They could therefore be expected to throw in their last chips. That means, as I have already indicated, expending the whole submarine fleet if need be. And it also means the likely use of lethal gas.

One of the things that helped to save London and other cities from total destruction in the first aerial assault on Britain was the remarkable fire-fighting effort. Had it not been for the ingenuity and devotion of the fire-fighting organizations, many cities would have been burned to cinders. Poison gas is the one method by which the Nazis may hope to wreck fire-fighting efficiency. Whole sections would be pulverized by high explosives, set on fire — then blanketed with lethal gases to paralyze fire-fighting activities.

This picture, I repeat, is hypo-

thetical. But there are in it enough elements of possibility to call for earnest, open-eyed attention — and counter-measures.

IV

A concentrated submarine and aerial pincers on England could be undertaken by the Nazis — provided, always, that they have the necessary bombardment aviation — without interfering with their Russian or Mediterranean fronts. The Battle of Britain would be so different in character that it would make no dent on the weapons and manpower employed in the other battles. The Eastern front, and an Italian or other continental front, require the auxiliary or supporting types of aircraft, for tactical operations with ground forces. The heavy bombers are not directly involved, and their full force would be available for the last-chance offensive on the British Isles. Concentrated though that offensive would be, the manpower involved would be small when measured on the scale of ground operations. Should the Allies invade the continent, through the Balkans or Italy, for instance, men and aviation would be siphoned off from the Russian front, but again the equipment for use against Britain would not be affected.

The preventive measures clearly called for against the hypothetical, but not impossible, situation I have tried to describe are *intensified attacks against the sources of air power and against submarine centers in Nazi-held Europe*. The Sicilian Straits must be cleared as quickly as possible for uninterrupted Allied traffic. The reinforcement of our Russian ally and a shortened road to the Asiatic theatre are involved. But once the Mediterranean line has been assured, diversion of aerial strength from the main task of destroying Germany's military might will become wasteful. Every bomb dropped on outlying islands of the Italian empire or on Italy proper, for instance, instead of being directed against the heart and vitals of Germany, is a waste of substance. More than that, it endangers the British Isles, whose safety rests in the first place on the relentless smashing of Germany's war-making set-up.

Anything, in fact, that slows up the all-out strategic air war on Germany is a direct menace to our victory — and should be held in abeyance. Vice-Marshal Harris, General Eaker and other air leaders are wholly in the right, when they emphasize that all effort today must be pointed towards that bombardment. Significantly, General Spaatz,

the top American air general in Africa, emphasized in an interview at the end of June that the Number One job of the Allies now is to knock out Germany from the air. He is right. We must let nothing divert us from the supreme job of destroying Hitler's air power, his submarine bases and submarine building facilities. Only thus can we assure the security of the British Isles, which is essential to total victory.

With the redemption of Africa, we have now encircled Hitler's Europe. In the early stage of the war, the British Isles were surrounded by hostile air power. Today the strategic relationship is reversed and it is Europe that is ringed with hostile air power. The longer distances in the present encirclement are of no moment, since the range of aviation has been correspondingly increased in the interim. Air power logic demands that this superior position be exploited without cessation in continuous and increasing aerial pounding of Germany itself. In true aerial warfare success depends on the delivery of maximum destructive loads in a minimum of time with continuity of action.

It is thus that England can and will be safeguarded. It is thus that a second Battle of Britain can be

definitely headed off. But once more our thinking must compass the possibility of disaster. What if the unimaginable should happen and the "unsinkable aircraft carrier" represented by the British Isles were to be put out of action? The fate of America and Britain would then rest, in the first place, upon our ability to continue the aerial war *directly from American soil*.

Until German air power has been definitively eliminated, it is wise policy for America to build the kind of planes that can continue to bomb the enemy's industrial heart no matter what happens to our advanced bases — and the British Isles, considered in cold strategic terms, is such an "advance base." The wisdom is underlined by the fact that in building such air power, with a range for operation from our own primary base which is the American continent, we are building for the future, when only primary self-contained bases — that is, bases possessing all the raw materials, industry and manpower essential for true air power — will have any real meaning.

Let me recapitulate:

1. If the Germans have no strategic air power, they are already

defeated. But if they have — and the possibility is not beyond reason — another all-out assault on the British Isles may be undertaken as their final chance to avoid ignominious defeat.

2. Such an offensive, if it comes, will differ from the 1940 offensive in that it will be fought on two levels — above and undersea, with an attempt to ground United Nations aviation on the British Isles through severance of supply lines as the primary strategy.

3. To meet this potential threat, we should utilize our present perfect position for finishing off Germany in the air. This means holding our positions everywhere with minimum forces while throwing maximum bombing power against the German target we have now encircled.

4. No matter how remote the likelihood of a second Battle of Britain, we must not lose time in developing bombardment aviation able to carry destruction to Germany across the Atlantic. This essential investment in insurance against all eventualities in Europe will pay dividends in the Pacific, where we need such long-range air power to carry the war directly to Japan itself, which today, alas, is beyond our reach.

► *A rude Westerner upsets the
élite Czardom in Washington.*

BULL BILL JEFFERS MAKES RUBBER

BY GEORGE CREEL

WILLIAM J. JEFFERS is the poison ivy in Washington's bowl of roses. A headlong Westerner without the gift of amiable compromise; a single-minded type who believes that orders must be carried out in spite of "hell and high water," to use his own crude phrase; a rampaging creature entirely lacking in the sense of humor that enables other agency heads to laugh off blunders.

At the time of his appointment to be Rubber Czar, high officials made no secret of their conviction that Mr. Roosevelt had pulled a boner. True, the Jeffers person was the president of the great Union Pacific system, pulling down \$75,000 a year, yet the elevation had come about in a manner less than orthodox. Neither a lawyer nor a banker appointed to represent financial interests, he was one of those "self-made" men whom the vulgar West loves to honor.

The son of an Irish immigrant section hand, Bill Jeffers had worked his way up from callboy in a round-house, and still boasted of his ability to swing a pick or lay a rail. Even as president he made no effort to camouflage his humble origin. Instead of sitting at his desk, he raced up and down the 10,000 miles of Union Pacific line, making himself hail fellow with the people of cities, towns and hamlets, greeting everybody by his first name, and actually proud of the fact that everybody called him Bill. Careless, too, of his personal appearance, sometimes going so far as to put on overalls and help out in a quick repair job.

At the time of his appointment there were also disturbing reports that he belonged to such Main Street organizations as the Rotary, the Kiwanis and the Lions in a place called Omaha; that it was his habit to lead local parades, and that he actually gloried in the fact

GEORGE CREEL, veteran journalist and political writer, head of President Wilson's Committee of Public Information in 1917-18, is now living in Washington. In view of his experience in the capital in World War I, his observations, via magazine articles, on wartime government today are especially enlightening.

that he had once been chosen King of Ak-Sar-Ben, a provincial festival. "How," all Washington asked, "can such a rank outsider fit into our little family?" And what of the long-standing rule against the admission of Westerners into the government's inner circle? If the bars were lowered for the Jeffers person, what more certain than that the Rocky Mountain states and the Pacific Coast will demand representation?

These gloomy apprehensions were soon justified, for the Bull Bill lacked the wit to realize that "Czar" was a mere courtesy title, a Washington quip. Discovering that some fifteen agencies had a voice in the synthetic rubber program, he charged forward with a bellow, shouting orders as though dealing with a train wreck or snow slide. OPA was told to institute gas rationing on a nationwide scale. War Department experts were booted out, and Jeffers men placed in charge of plant construction. ODT received instruction to limit the speed of all motor vehicles to thirty-five miles an hour, and Jesse Jones was made solely responsible for the procurement of crude rubber in other countries, putting Henry Wallace's BEW out of the picture.

In Washington there is no more

fixed and inviolate tradition than this: that an organization is judged by its size. The larger the force the greater the importance. The Bull Bill, however, rudely rejecting suggestions that he employ eight or ten thousand so as to be somewhat on a par with WPB and OWI, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with a few hundreds, counting clerks, stenographers and messenger boys. The capital was scandalized.

In many plants the Navy employed "expeditors," providing genteel employment for members of the best families, yet the Jeffers person publicly referred to them as "loafers." At every turn he showed contempt for the amenities. Claude Wickard had planted thousands of acres of guayule, and planned happily to seed several hundred thousand acres more. On learning that there would be no appreciable yield before 1945-46, the Bull Bill ordered that the land be released for food crops. Kindly Elmer Davis met with similar discourtesy, the uncouth Jeffers publicly stating that he had no use for "press agents."

Even Donald Nelson, so pathetically eager to please, fared no better. Why, bawled the Jeffers person, was there a lag in plant production when Jesse Jones had allotted some \$600,000,000 a whole

nine months before? Soothingly enough, Donald explained that the delays were due to a lack of valves, heat exchangers, converters, turbines, blowers, forgings and other component parts. Manufacturers were doing their best, but Mr. Jeffers should understand that there was a limit to productive capacity.

"Bunk!" snorted the Bull Bill. "There's no such thing as a limit to productive capacity. Just a cover-up for a lot of swivel chair executives and tail sitters." Dashing out over the country, he had the luck to prove his point, not only expanding existing facilities but actually developing new sources of production. In many instances, unfortunately, he discovered that a whole year had been lost due to changes in methods and materials ordered by university professors in WPB. And did he keep this quiet in the interest of peace and accord? He did *not*.

Sovereign Senators likewise felt the rasp of the Jeffers tongue. Informed by his experts that rayon was a better fabric base than standard cotton for heavy duty tires, he doubled the size of the rayon program. Summoned before a Congressional committee to explain his action, he defied the representatives of the cotton states, remarking truculently that he didn't

intend to be "pushed around by any pressure group," no matter how big or important. That was when even the most charitable gave up hope, and admitted that the Omaha person was a sow's ear.

II

What made all of it harder to bear was the steady progress of the synthetic rubber program. Time after time his priorities were cut down, robbing him of tools and materials that he had counted on, but always the fellow managed to dig them up on his own. He was abetted, of course, by certain natural advantages, for along with demoniac energy there was the man's proletarian background. As a consequence, he preferred office drudgeries to the cocktail parties, formal dinners and Florida trips that make such demands upon the time of officials accustomed to the niceties of life in urban centers and more sensitive to the dignity of their high stations.

This April, therefore, the Bull Bill announced triumphantly that his synthetic rubber program would be completed by December "if no more obstacles were put in his way." The annual production would be around 850,000 tons a year, and while short of the 1,037,000 tons

recommended by the Baruch report, would still be ample to supply all essential needs. Moreover, he announced that five million synthetic tires would be released for vital civilian use before the first of the year.

To have a total outsider in the numerous and growing fraternity of Czars was bad enough; but to see him on the highroad to success was plainly alarming. When other agencies complained that this was no time to be "coddling the public," the Bull Bill erupted fire, smoke and burning lava. Were they jackasses enough to think that industry and agriculture could go back to horses? What would become of the war effort if domestic production came to a halt? Aside from keeping the country on wheels, didn't they have sense enough to know that the new synthetic tires had to be given the acid test of use? Not only were no two processes alike, but each process had its own variabilities. The "bugs," if any, had to be spotted, and that could be done only by putting the tires on cars.

The Bull Bill persisted in this contumacious attitude even when Robert Patterson, Under Secretary of War, made public statement that the plans of the armed forces were threatened by the swift progress of

the Jeffers program. There was, he declared, a shortage of high octane gas needed for air attacks, and "unless drastic measures are taken which will permit us to complete in time the plants now started, there can be no question but what our offensive will be seriously weakened." Secretary Ickes supported the charge, and James Forestal, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, likewise alleged that the synthetic rubber crowd had hogged component parts vitally needed for the construction of escort vessels.

As never before, the President's blunder in giving high place to a Westerner now received ample demonstration. Instead of suggesting conferences—the accepted Washington method—the Bull Bill let go with a barrage of impolite questions. Why had materials and equipment been poured into plants for which there was no need? Why was the high octane building program, authorized in June, 1942, still unfinished in April, 1943? If the shortage was so acute, why were trainloads of high octane sidetracked over the country with the government paying demurrage charges? The hell he had hogged component parts! Didn't the record show that he had quadrupled the supply by his own hustling? Couldn't they see that rubber was

just as vital a part of the war effort as planes, guns, tanks and ships? That his program was inseparably tied in with the Army and Navy program? Instead of trying for division, why not work for closer cooperation? What about getting out of their offices, and making a tour of the country to see how all three programs could be tied together and speeded up uniformly?

In view of this truculent attitude, all Washington sat back and waited impatiently for the Bull Bill to get his come-uppance. Unfortunately, Secretary Patterson had been a judge before coming to the War Department, and this judicial training would not let him dismiss charges without a hearing. Maybe, he admitted frankly, there was something in what the Rubber Director said. As a result, he himself, along with Mr. Forestal and Ralph Davies, Deputy Petroleum Coordinator, joined up with the Bull Bill for an inspection trip that took in every synthetic rubber and octane gas plant. And when they came back, incredibly enough, the four were arm in arm, and all singing *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*.

Small wonder that every Wash-

ington agency head now fears the worst. Unless bitted and curbed, the Bull Bill's rough and tumble methods menace the whole fabric of bureaucratic life. What more inevitable than that his organization, being so absurdly small, will invite criticism of the 50,000 in OPA? Or that the pleasant all-day conferences of other Czars will be compared unfavorably to the Bull Bill's direct approach to problems? And if he can corrupt men like Robert Patterson and James Forestal, winning them over to his own contempt for red tape, is it not reasonable to assume that he may seduce others? The very foundations of government seemed in jeopardy.

One gleam of light, and one only, illumines the general despair. By August, according to Bull Bill, his program will be "over the hump," and then he means to take the first plane, train or bus back to his beloved Omaha. Even so, fear still lingers. After all, the Jeffers person *has* gotten results, and what if the President, in one of his impish moods, asks him to stay on and take over some other lagging program? *Ouch!*



► *This Russian leader foresees
popular democratic upsurge.*

RUSSIA IS RIPE FOR FREEDOM

BY ALEXANDER KERENSKY

WARS, catastrophic wars, are nothing new in the history of long-suffering Russia. Throughout the ages of our turbulent history, the people of Russia, from the legendary heroes *Bogatyri* to the present day Red Army men, have shown themselves ready to die for their land — for the *mother-soil* to which they are attached with a deep and almost mystical love. The quality of Russian resistance, and even some of its methods (guerrilla fighting, scorched earth, etc.), have been the same whether the invaders were Mongols or Frenchmen or Germans.

That much has already been recorded even by the most casual and shallow of European and American “experts” on Russia. What the majority of them fail to understand, however, is that after each

war, each catastrophe, the old Russia arises in somewhat different socio-political form. Western leaders of opinion are outspoken about revolutionary changes in their own and other western lands through the catalysis of this fearsome war. But they behave as if only the Kremlin régime is endowed with a divine permanence and stability. They forget that the shock of war and blood-letting has again and again shaken Russia out of a seeming torpor.

The present war has placed before the world the alternative of democracy and dictatorship, and in this choice Russia has one significant advantage over some western countries: the Russian people have already lived through a dictatorship in its absolute form. The monopoly of a single monolithic

ALEXANDER KERENSKY is one of the truly great figures of our epoch. The hectic interval between the collapse of the Romanoff dynasty and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks has come to be known as the “Kerensky period.” A great orator and popular leader, he served as Minister of Justice and War Minister, then as Prime Minister, of the Provisional Government under the Duma. He was born in Simbirsk in 1881 and became a prominent lawyer and an outstanding leader of the Social Revolutionary Party. He is now residing in the United States.

party, whatever its disguise or external social claims, cannot any longer tempt them. The new road for the Russian people, I firmly believe, is the road of freedom and democracy for which she was nourished and prepared by the whole history of her spiritual development.

In the first stage of the present war, the direct line of despotic rule by totalitarians of various colors extended from the Pacific Ocean — through Vladivostok, Berlin and Paris — all the way to the Atlantic. Had it been historically possible to weld the German, Russian and Japanese armies into a single monstrous destructive machine, democracy might have been ended. But the old and tired Russian Christian God turned out to be more powerful than Alfred Rosenberg's Teutonic Wotan. The friendship between Moscow and Berlin which, in the words of Stalin, was "cemented by blood" in Poland in 1939, ended abruptly at Hitler's will in June, 1941.

Hitler's invasion of the USSR saved Russia from her dangerous isolation and returned her into the family of the great democracies. It started her on a new road which — though western observers do not always know it clearly — is Russia's traditional road.

The immense military advantage which Russia's entry has given the anti-German bloc is clear. It has assured the ultimate defeat of the Axis. But no intelligent man can ignore the fact that it has also cast a fog over the political and ideological meaning of the coming victory. It is no longer possible to say that the military triumph of the Allies will signify the triumph of freedom and democracy *everywhere*. For in the coalition of freedom-loving people — and among these I unhesitatingly include the great masses of my Russian people — there is one power which is a classic example of totalitarian dictatorship.

There are people in this world who are influential but extremely naïve. These include the "experts" on Russia who think it is enough to re-define the Soviet system in "democratic" terms — as economic or working-class democracy, etc. — to resolve the paradox. There is no point in debating with such people. The best answer to their wishful thinking was given by Stalin himself when he said in a speech on November 6, 1942: "It would be laughable to deny the difference in ideology and social structure of the various states comprising the Anglo-Soviet-American coalition." One need only read the eyewitness accounts of recent visitors to the

USSR — people as diverse as Eve Curie, Wendell Willkie, Henry Cassidy and Maurice Hindus — to convince oneself that even to the most superficial reporter the existence of democracy in Russia, democracy as we understand it, is an illusion and a fiction.

Even Mr. Hindus, who rarely writes a line displeasing to the Kremlin, admits that "the elevation of the individual to a condition of political self-expression, with the right to criticize the dictatorship or to speak his mind freely and diversely of its leaders, is still a matter of the future." He adds that "the dictatorship . . . will not relinquish any of its powers and prerogatives" even at the end of the war. And Mr. Cassidy, a less complicated reporter, writes that Stalin is an "autocrat" who will remain so to the end of his days.

Basing themselves on such observations, many democratically minded people honestly concerned with after-war problems of peace have come to the conclusion that only a *compromise* can untie the knotty problems of irreconcilable ideologies among the winning nations. They have proposed establishment of a special Soviet "sphere of influence." Such people forget (even as others forgot in relation to the Nazi menace) that the interests

of freedom everywhere are indivisible and organically linked; that freedom, like war and peace, does not permanently brook a partial solution.

II

Does that mean, then, that the situation is hopeless? That no equitable solution will emerge when the time comes to implement the peace? Not at all. The situation is hopeless only for those who fail to discern behind the façade of Moscow's Kremlin the true, living, suffering Russia.

In the crucible of war the entire world has been brought into turbulent motion. We are witnesses today of profound social, economic and political changes. To assume, as some of our western "social philosophers" do, that Russia alone is exempt from this world-wide process is illogical. It merely reflects the naïve western feeling that Russians are somehow different: not quite human or a little more than human.

Who will take it upon himself to define with any degree of finality what is happening in the heart of Russia in the midst of a gory war, a Russia where the population has been doomed for over two decades to silence? Certainly if the changes

within a nation have some relation to the magnitude of its sufferings and its sacrifices, the effects in Russia must be greater than elsewhere, for the losses in life and the sorrows of the rest of the belligerents put together are still less in total than those of my country.

Who, indeed, among the myriad "experts" on Soviet affairs, could have predicted in 1929 that in 1943 the Red Army would perform feats of heroism unequalled in the history of mankind *not under the slogan of communism but under the beloved banner of Russia's historic national heroes and national ideals?*

Much has already been written about Stalin's formal disbanding of the Communist International. Few, however, realize that the action was necessary to Stalin even more for domestic than for foreign consumption. It was another affirmation for the people of Russia that they were fighting and shedding their blood not for some mythical communism in their own country and abroad, but for holy Mother Russia — for their own national existence and national ideals.

True, the revival of the historic traditions of Russian patriotism and Russian culture was originally brought about by a dictatorial order of the Kremlin. Nobody is blind to the fact that Stalin has

restored historic Russia to her traditional status primarily out of military considerations. But why? Why was it necessary in communist Russia to imbue the army with a national and patriotic ideology in order to strengthen its fighting will?

The answer seems to me quite clear: the Russian people, silent all these years but constantly thinking and feeling, would not have gone to shed their blood — or gone only sullenly and half-heartedly — under a banner alien to them as Russians, although dear to the Kremlin rulers. Until Stalin (himself a Georgian, not a Russian) embarked officially upon the new national-patriotic course, few in the outside world suspected the far-reaching creative process, the deep yearning for a return to the sources of Russian culture, which was going on inside the country behind the high walls of the totalitarian dictatorship.

When the will of the silent masses *forced* the Kremlin to return Mother Russia to the people, this victory of national consciousness over Bolshevism was proclaimed abroad as another act of Stalin's wisdom. It was nothing of the sort. It was the wisdom of a people, bursting terrible bonds.

Let it be noted that together

with the resurrection of Alexander Nevsky, Peter the Great, Generals Suvorov and Kutuzov and other national heroes, the communist ban was also lifted from the works of such passionate democrats and enemies of oppression as Alexander Herzen and George Plekahnov. A tremendous new impetus and new "respectability" has been given to Pushkin and Tolstoy and Belinski and a dozen others who loved the Russian people and labored for their freedom. The great Russian literature — a literature imbued with ideals of humanism and the yearning for freedom and the liberation of man — is being rapidly restored to its rightful place. The outside world, aware of the revival of the political side of the Russian self, has not yet become sufficiently aware that the cultural and humanist side has inevitably been revived as well.

III

The history of the Russian movement of liberation is permeated with the dual ideal of social equality and freedom. In a tale about the present war entitled "The People Are Immortal," recently published in Moscow, the author, a young Red Army man, writes thus of his hero, Bogarev:

The earth of the people! . . . In the notes of the Decembrists, in the essays of Belinski and Herzen, in the letters of Zheliabov and Mikhailov as well as in the words of the weaver Alexeyev, one hears and feels the eternal longing of the people for land — land without slavery — and for a life based on the laws of common sense and justice. . . . Thousands and thousands of Russian revolutionists perished in the struggle to achieve this. Bogarev knew them; he knew them as older brothers. . . . He loved these people and honored them. They were nearer and dearer to him than his own kin.

This is published in Moscow, today. Yet among the great revolutionary heroes of Russia who are mentioned by name or by character — these Belinskis, Herzens, Zheliabovs, Mikhailovs — one will find not a single progenitor of Leninism or Stalinism. These are revolutionaries and humanists who placed personal freedom for man above everything else in life. Like Herzen, they regarded socialism without personal freedom as slavery. In dozens of new Russian tales and poems this public salute to the preachers of freedom, to the type of revolutionary who has been suppressed by the Bolsheviks, is clearly manifest.¹ Again, this is not the wisdom of Stalin but the wisdom of the people breaking through the bonds of the last decades.

¹ See "Russia Is Changing," by Vera Alexandrova in the March, 1943, AMERICAN MERCURY. — Ed.

All the creative forces of the Russian people — our literature as well as our social movements of liberation — are permeated with the ideals of freedom and democracy. It would be short-sighted to judge the Russians by the totalitarian episode. When in the month of March, 1917, during the first war with Germany, the Tsarist monarchy fell, Russia, in the words of Lenin, became the freest country in the world. It became a country where no one would dare curtail the rights of the workers and the peasants to speak and think and act.

In the cultured West, Mussolini and Hitler defeated the democracies in open battle. They proclaimed openly that they were struggling for the destruction of the people's freedom, to suppress democracy; yet they won millions of adherents. But in Russia, Lenin had to employ entirely different methods in order to capture power. In Russia, where according to western "experts" the people do not comprehend the meaning of freedom and know only the knout, there was no open attack on democracy. There could not be. Lenin and his accomplices knew that the Russian masses would destroy mercilessly anyone who would seek to rob them of their freedom. Therefore they came dis-

guised as fiery democrats and staunch defenders of unlimited freedom for the people. They won adherents through trickery, pretending to love freedom more than all the rest of us. For example:

The Bolsheviks in 1917 demanded vociferously in speeches and articles, the immediate convocation of the Constituent Assembly accompanying their demands with fervent hopes that the Assembly would become the "ruler of the Russian earth." At the same time, however, upon Lenin's secret instructions, they were preparing an armed insurrection against the Assembly which they carried out on January 5, 1918, when they discovered that they were a decided minority in that assembly.

And even nineteen years later, when the communist dictatorship was already firmly established, Stalin found it expedient to mask his dictatorship with his new "democratic" constitution. Why was Stalin forced to indulge in the farce of giving a "democratic" constitution to the Russian people? Was it only for propaganda abroad? Certainly not. The Bolsheviks needed this democratic coloration in order to maintain inside Russia the illusion of freedom.

It is worth noting here that even the infamous ex-Soviet General

Vlasov, the Russian Quisling who now seeks to make the occupied parts of the Ukraine safe for the Germans, is compelled to travel under the slogan of "Land and Freedom" — slogan of the old Russian Socialist Revolutionists.

In a country where there is no strong urge for liberty it would not be necessary to maintain the illusion of freedom. Had the Russians degenerated spiritually and forgotten their past, Stalin would not be forced now to resurrect national-patriotic traditions.

IV

The official *Pravda* some time ago wrote as follows:

The German people were denied the right to form coalitions, the right of freedom of speech and assembly. The Nazis, fraudulently, created an artificial majority. . . . Through monstrous lies and brute force the dictatorship came into being and the people were enslaved.

The official Moscow press has also expressed horror at the tortures in Nazi concentration camps and over the fact that the Nazis, in their attempt to wipe out Christianity, are destroying churches. Illegal mass executions and purges carried out by the Gestapo, according to the Kremlin press, cannot be tolerated by a cultured, civilized state.

The Russian people trained to silence, read these things, think about them, digest them. They read into them confessions and promises. Though the truth about similar atrocities and persecutions and mass executions in Russia has been kept from part of the outside world, it is a familiar tale to the Russian people. Because they read these things and keep silent, the West is convinced that Stalin is Russia. Russians know better.

Recently I read a book published in London, *Russian Glory* by Philip Jordan. I do not know who the author is, except that he has been in war-ravaged Russia. Jordan was impressed by the spirit of unity prevailing in my country. Even in its remotest sections, he reports, the peasantry gladly responded to the Kremlin's call to defend Russia, despite the fact that in the villages "the memory of the black years of hunger and bloody collectivization is still alive." All the soldiers who come from the people, Jordan says, fulfill their duties to the utmost — and this devotion on the part of the broad Red Army masses was quite a surprise to the Kremlin. His conclusion is especially significant:

It would be quite surprising if after the victory has been achieved the victorious army should not demand a

greater measure of freedom. And if the army will make such a demand Russia will be granted freedom. This is beyond question.

Whether that freedom will be "granted" or will be extracted by the people only history can tell. I would not cite here the opinion of a solitary foreign observer had I not, by coincidence, while reading his book, heard of the statement made in private conversation by a member of the Russian Communist Party recently arrived abroad from the fighting front. "Non-Party officers of the Red Army," he said, "are by far more democratic than we, Communist Party members."

I would not have quoted Mr. Jordan had I not heard recently myself from a Russian who had visited Archangel before and after the war about the profound changes that have occurred in the thinking and behavior of the population. He was amazed at the change. It seemed to him as if the people had been infused with new life and courage — as though they had just emerged into the sunlight from a dark cellar. Fear, he relates, has disappeared. People again use their initiative without waiting for orders from officialdom.

What is true in Archangel is true in all Russia. The terrible war has awakened the country from its

stupor of suppression. German cannon and bombs, while destroying the body of Russia, are also punching holes in the almighty bureaucratic machine of the dictatorship. Though crippled physically, Russia is once again looking upon the world with her own eyes.

Russia is indeed ripe for freedom. And Russia looks for understanding of this popular yearning from its allies — understanding of the Russian people who are doing the fighting. These people had nothing to do with the twenty-two months of Kremlin collaboration with the enemy. They have everything to do with the magnificent Russian resistance against the enemy.

The Soviet government signed the Atlantic Charter, but two of the Four Freedoms — freedom of conscience and of speech, the very bases of democracy — were not included in the Charter. The sooner the Russian people, upon the completion of the victory, institute *all* the four freedoms outlined by President Roosevelt and accepted in full by the democratic allies, the sooner the totalitarian temptations will have been overcome. The world will then be ready to embark upon the road of organic, integrated and peaceful reconstruction, without the threats inherent in deep inner contradictions.

HORIZONS OF SCIENCE

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

The Shape of Things To Come

WAR presents the research scientist and inventor with his supreme opportunity. Such is the demand for more rapid processes and more efficient instruments and machines that the barriers raised in peace by vested interests and inertia crumble. Yet revolutionary principles seldom appear even in war. An armed force, an industrial organization is a highly standardized machine which cannot be abandoned or modified overnight. For all the newspaper reports of startling secret weapons and of engineering upheavals in the factory we may be sure that this war has produced nothing new in principle. A movement long under way is merely accelerated. Radar, magnetic mines, precision bomb-sights, bazookas, synthetic rubber, short-wave radio, glass fabrics, dehydrated foods — we hear much about them. All were disclosed in patents granted a decade and even a generation ago.

Because it taps all the resources of a nation, total war is a hothouse in which old but undeveloped con-

ceptions are hurried to fruition, with momentous social consequences. Can we foresee the consequences? There is one test — the need of adaptation.

We did not have to change our writing habits when we began to use fountain pens. A cravat made of glass threads is tied and worn exactly like one of silk. On the other hand, the steam engine, the automobile, the telephone, the motion picture, the railway did demand adaptation. All changed customs and folkways. The automobile made it possible to live far from our work and removed the farmer from the "hick" class; the motion picture all but ruined the theatre and so far standardized entertainment that the same films are projected on every Main Street in the world; the elevator had its effect on the birth-rate because families moved into apartments which were small and convenient. Change within science and technology is always accompanied by social change.

Suppose we appraise war science

and technology by applying to it this test of adaptation.

The most obvious change will be brought about by the airplane. Out of the bomber of the last war came the passenger plane of today; out of this war the cargo and passenger plane of tomorrow is already emerging. Calcutta is nearer New York by air than Boston was to Washington in Lincoln's time. Speeds have so far increased that pilots have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in a single day. In the last stages of the Tunisian campaign the Germans were transporting 125 men in a single huge transport plane, and our own airlines are already preparing to build planes to carry 150 and even 200 passengers.

All this means that after the war it will be an ordinary event to breakfast in New York and lunch in Ireland or England, that no capital will be more than forty hours distant from another by continuous flying, that whenever time is precious we shall travel by air. It is possible now to fly from New York to San Francisco at a cost less than that of a first-class passage on the *Queen Mary* or the *Normandie* in normal times. Probably not more than \$150 will be charged for an air ticket to Europe. If this seems incredible it is enough to point out that in a recent

report of the Cunard-White Star Company doubts are expressed about the future of the four-day luxury steamer, and the prediction is made that steamship companies will have to establish airlines.

Though we may expect no great shifts of population because of this certain development we may expect a further standardization of European and American ways of life, with the result that it will be harder than ever to distinguish a Frenchman or an Italian from a western rancher on a holiday in town. Eskimos who once lived in the Stone Age now have outboard motors, sewing-machines, rifles and other twentieth century paraphernalia, and the women are wearing corsets — all brought by airplane. The railway and the steamship are not doomed, but they will have to rely on slow traffic and on the carrying of bulk commodities if they are to make profits.

II

Airplanes are built chiefly of aluminum. We used aluminum for kitchen utensils and a score of other purposes long before the war. In the world-to-be it will take the place of steel in much building and much machinery. Railway trains built in part of aluminum are

nothing new, but we shall see more of them. Automobiles, which will consume the new high-octane gasolines and cover at least fifty miles on a gallon, will be so light, swift and cheap that any worker who makes \$30 a week will own one and then the countryside will be even more radically transformed. There is even the probability that within fifty years steel will be used only for cutting and wearing surfaces. The architect and the bridge engineer will be able to design structures of a new laciness. Costs will come down, for it is obvious that a locomotive can haul more aluminum than steel cars, that a man can walk off with a large beam on his shoulder instead of using a derrick.

If we combine the light metals with plywood and the plastics, new possibilities in architecture dawn, particularly in the prefabricated house. Prefabrication is old. But the principle has been applied during this war on an unprecedented scale. It is now possible to make the parts of a house in about two hours in a factory and to assemble them in ten on the site. The plans which have already been drawn for prefabricated houses of aluminum, plastics and plywood indicate plainly enough what we may expect. Instead of the chimney and fireplace

the nucleus is a unit which contains such essentials as air-conditioning apparatus, plumbing, wiring, electric stove and heaters. Around this unit the rooms are arranged — rooms with removable partitions, so that changes can be made to suit new needs. For one hundred dollars down and twenty more a month on the instalment plan such a house can be bought by any well-paid worker. It has been estimated that after the war we shall need about nine million new dwellings. That many of them will be prefabricated there can be no doubt.

But will such a prefabricated house change life? It will certainly change housekeeping and this because it will be designed and equipped to solve the servant problem. In fact servants will be found only in the homes of the well-to-do and command wages much higher than those we pay even now. The house will be completely mechanized and electrified. Since we already have fabrics which are waterproof it is not a wild dream to imagine housecleaning reduced in the next fifty years to a mere matter of turning the hose on everything in a room and letting the wash-water run down a drain in the floor. A blast of warm air from an electric blower will dry everything in five minutes.

The cooking problem in such a house has already been partially solved by the tin can and the frozen package of vegetables or meat. Now we have dehydrated foods that give the finishing touch. Everything has been dried — eggs, soups, oranges, meat, vegetables. An ounce of dried potatoes can be beaten up with water or milk to make enough purée for a family of six. Stews are already being packed in vacuum containers. Put one on an electric stove and lunch is ready in half an hour. All these new foods are scientifically concocted, so that they contain the necessary vitamins and minerals. Cooking as a fine art will still be practiced in expensive restaurants and the homes of the rich, but in the rest of the country a dinner in Toledo will be much like a dinner in San Diego. All this will mean much to the housewife. She will have more time for books, for the movies, for visiting. House-keeping will be the least of her worries.

This housewife and her man will also benefit by wartime developments in radio. By the short wave telephone the pilots of a bombing squadron not only communicate with one another and take orders from their leader but the leader communicates with a tank commander and headquarters on the

ground. Extend this to ordinary life and the home is tied to the outside world by invisible strands. On great corporation farms which already cover half a county the men in the field will talk to the office; on the road the man in a car will talk to his wife if she is within a range of two hundred miles; factories will talk to branch offices directly. To be sure, the telephone has already made much of this a reality. But telephones are not to be found everywhere in this highly mechanized and electrified land, and it is precisely where they are not found that short wave communication will be used.

The development of war machines will undoubtedly have their effect on the office. It may seem far fetched to maintain that radar will make our adding and sorting machines look as outmoded as the high-wheel bicycle. Yet the mechanism is already in existence. For consider what radar does — a device which detects a distant bomber by reflected radio waves and automatically aims guns precisely at the point where the bomber will be in the next minute. To perform this feat not only must the height and direction and rate of movement of the bomber be known but corrections must be made for temperature, wind and half a dozen other

factors. Radar gives only the height and direction and rate of movement; entirely new computing machines do the rest. Feed the facts into the machines and the anti-aircraft guns are automatically aimed. It is with these computing machines that we must reckon. They will be modified to meet office needs, so that bookkeeping will demand even less labor than it does now. Records will be more detailed than ever.

But this also implies more standardization and this in turn implies that the large manufacturing company will bother even less than it does now to fill special orders for single peculiar pieces of fabric or appliances that meet a rare need. Hence the small men must fill the gap. There will be less employment in the big factory, but there will also be more small producers and shops.

III

Most of the substitutes which we have been forced to use are make-shifts. Synthetic rubber and the plastics are substitutes yet entirely new materials, and both must be reckoned with in the postwar world. It is inconceivable that our synthetic rubber plants, which will have a capacity of 750,000 tons by

1944, will be scrapped. And so with the plants out of which come scores of different plastics which are taking the place of wood and metal.

Synthetic rubber is unfortunately christened. It is not the exact chemical equivalent of natural rubber. It can resist acids, oil, light, heat—properties not found in a natural rubber tire. At present it costs at least twice as much as natural rubber. On the other hand, it is cheap because of its special properties. It can be made to suit a particular purpose. Natural rubber is much too versatile. It can be used as a door mat, as an electric insulator, as a waterproofing material, as a resilient. What good are the insulating and stretching properties in a door mat? Chemists have therefore devised synthetic rubbers which serve particular purposes. We may expect to use rubber in ways of which we do not dream now. Some of the optimists even speak of rubber pavements on which we shall roll silently. Incredible as it may seem rubbers have been made which will outwear steel. Synthetic rubber is therefore more than a substitute. Its widening use will not change life profoundly, but it will have some effect.

Much the same prediction can be made of the plastics. They, too, have distinctive properties. They

can be made as transparent as glass, as hard as teak, as soft as bread. New uses will be found for them in the home and the office. Lenses have already been made of them, so that cameras costing as little as a dollar are already an old story. New decorative effects in the home will be possible. Where the cost is not too high, plastics will take the place of wood in furniture. This spells no change in life, but it does spell an economic change for many a timberman and manufacturer.

These wartime developments in communication, housing, transportation, cooking — what do they mean? That life will be more and more artificial. The business of the technologist is to change the environment. Not “back to nature” but “away from nature” is the cry of science. Skyscrapers, electric trains, motion pictures, machines — all are manifestly artificial. To the scientist there is still too much reliance on nature. Our clothes are made of fibers that come from some plant or from some animal. We are still exposed to the vagaries of wind and weather in cities, whereas the engineer, if he had his way, would roof a whole city with some unbreakable, transparent plastic and air-condition the whole vast space below, so that the climate would always be the same and umbrellas, over-

shoes and clothing of different degrees of warmth would no longer be necessary, and snow, sleet and rain would never impede traffic. Though we still raise and kill millions of animals every year for meat the time is not too far distant when we shall be less dependent on the slaughterhouse. Strange as it may seem, nylon, which is literally plucked out of the air, is the first step that has been taken in achieving the synthetic equivalent of a steak or an egg. No organic chemist doubts that some day we shall sentimentally serve a Thanksgiving turkey, which has been molded for tradition's sake into the proper bird-like form and which will be solemnly carved but which will have been made in the factory out of gases and stuff that nature never troubled to fashion into edible food. Probably there will be sensitive sheets and blocks of substances which will quiver at the touch in a deceptive, lifelike way if there is any industrial or home use for them. More certain are metals in which the crystals will be arranged so that they will be strong in one direction only and not in all directions as they are now, so that we may expect structures of an airy lightness and of an architectural form that will have nothing in

common with the fortresslike skyscrapers and hotels that we build now.

Science marches on whether or not we have wars. Yet chemistry, physics, engineering and much of medicine and surgery came out of war, as there is good reason to believe. It does not necessarily follow that we must have war if we are to have science, but it does follow that war gives science an impetus which hastens the trend from nature. And the more we depart from nature the more difficult our social problems become. H. G. Wells has written much on what he calls "the shape of things to come."

It is fairly easy to predict that shape so long as we confine ourselves to materials, processes and machines, but it is not easy to make the social adjustment. Nearly all our social difficulties, the war included, have flown out of the Pandora's box which we call "science and invention" and which we learned to open. The social and economic problems that must be settled at the peace table involve more than access to raw materials and markets, as the fourth article of the Atlantic Charter implies. They imply an understanding of the potentialities of science. But will the statesmen pay any attention to science?



The Sorcerer's Apprentice

He had a word to start it all

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STRAW HAT

A Story

BY GEORGE H. FREITAG

MARTHA was in their little kitchen baking some of those soda biscuits, and the early morning sun was streaming in at the window facing the patch of corn. Once in awhile she walked to the window and looked out over the field to where, at the edge of it, her husband Jeff was at work digging postholes for a new fence. It was only nine thirty but both she and Jeff had been out of bed and working since five, and now she was beginning to feel bogged down, listless.

She thought about how it would be fun if something big happened; nothing big in a destructive way, nothing overwhelmingly large, just something big and maybe exciting. The two of them had lived out here in the country for three years now, which meant that they had been married for that long a time; and she remembered how at first when

the whole thing had been on the order of what Jeff said was a honeymoon she had had the feeling that actually it wasn't, that how could it be with the absence on the farm of a little leisure for laughter. She remembered how it was with them the day they came out to the farm from the city and hearing Jeff say they were beginning from scratch, which of course was not scratch because Jeff's father financed them, and how there had been in Jeff none of the poetic feeling toward the land, and how the very first day he put on the god-awful blue overalls with the brass buttons and began to smell like a manure pile and come in for his meals and go out and so forth, day after day.

Lately the whole business was going in reverse. The honeymoon Jeff had said would always be one and never had been from the beginning, as far as she could remem-

GEORGE H. FREITAG, *who lives in Ohio, is in his early thirties, and a sign painter by profession. He is now working on a novel.*

ber, was getting a little humdrum one hundred miles from a movie or a lighted city street. It wasn't that she didn't like the farm; she admired the land very much. It was simply that in the process of becoming the farmer and of adjusting herself to that kind of living she couldn't bring herself to laughing, and laughter seemed very important and necessary.

Well, there had been days when she laughed. There was the time she tied bells, cowbells, to the legs of their big rooster and watched him strut around the yard frightening all the little hens away, the very hens he wanted to make love to. It was this sort of perverted humor that wasn't altogether funny but for want of something better it was very ludicrous. Then Jeff, she remembered, had come into the yard after the rooster had run himself into a fit of exhaustion, and unfastened the bells, and said, "What the hell do you think the farm is, anyhow, a playhouse?"

Of course, she hadn't meant to make a fool of the rooster; it was simply a thing she felt impelled to do. It unstagnated things.

Another time she put a hat on a pig and sat down in the grass by the pen and watched the pig trying to run out from under the hat, until Jeff heard the squealing and

came up from the field and said, "For Christ's sake, Mar!"

The biscuits were done, a nice beige shade. She took them out of the oven and burned her fingers, and threw pan and all onto the table. Then she took out the little sample piece which she always made for herself and put a little butter on it and was sitting at the table nibbling at the crust when she heard the chickens make a loud noise in the yard.

She ran to the door and saw them scattering in all directions. At first she thought a hawk might be flying overhead the way they sometimes swooped down in search of food, so she was a little disappointed to see Jeff hurrying in from the corn field. It meant she was denied the pleasure of getting the shotgun and taking careful aim at the hawk, even if she couldn't make a direct hit.

II

Things like that, the hawk coming, the running out into the yard, into the sunshine with a gun and taking aim and missing were the things Martha liked and were the things from which real laughter sprung.

Now it wasn't a hawk. Now she couldn't take the gun. It was Jeff. She ran down the porch steps,

her hand shading her eyes. "I thought you were a hawk," she said.

Jeff rounded the corner of the grain shed. "You what?" he said.

"I said I thought you were a hawk. I was going to get the gun."

Jeff was hurrying. He had a big yellow straw hat in his hand. He never bothered about his wife's saying she thought he was a hawk.

When they met in the middle of the yard she said, "I made bread today and I put arsenic in it. It tastes delicious. Is my tongue green?" She stuck out her tongue.

"Don't be a child, Mar," Jeff said. "Do you know whose hat this is?" He held out the old straw hat, frayed and misshapen.

She touched the hat but he wouldn't let go of it and she felt his strength going through the straw. "Are you sure it's not yours?" she said.

"Well, now for Pete's sake, Mar, I know my own stuff," Jeff said. "I'd put it on to show you it ain't mine if I wasn't afraid of getting bugs." He turned the hat over and looked inside. The little leather band going around the inside was yellowed from perspiration but it was just an ordinary straw hat with two air holes at the sides.

"I found it by the drinking trough," he said. "It wasn't there

this morning." Then without looking into his wife's face he said, "You ain't been down to the barn this morning, have you?"

She sensed right away what he was implying. "Why Jeff," she began to say. Then as if she began to realize the full impact of the situation, she rolled her eyes and tilted her head back and said, "Maybe I have, but where does the hat come in?"

"Maybe you have what?" Jeff said.

"Maybe I was down at the barn and lost my hat," she said.

"I didn't say it was your hat," Jeff said. "I said was you down to the barn. I meant did you see anybody down there, a man for instance."

"It's a man's hat," Martha said.

"You're talking silly," Jeff said. "You're making me an ass with your talk."

He was off his guard in that moment, so Martha snatched the straw hat from him and began running toward the house. It was while she was running and Jeff after her that a lot of yellow dust rose up in the road below the peach orchard and Jeff stopped running. Martha ran on a piece and got to the steps of the porch, then stopped.

They stood watching a black Buick sedan come up over the lit-

tle rise in the road and turn into the yard about thirty miles an hour.

Two men got out carrying shot-guns. They were clean shaven and well-dressed-looking without their coats. They wore white shirts and had their collars open at the neck, but their sleeves were not rolled up.

Jeff went down to meet them. "Morning," he said.

Martha stood at the porch, a summer breeze pulling at her bright red hair, the sun putting glistening ringlets in it. She heard the men talking.

"We're from Dafner's Creek," the heavier of the two men said. "We're looking for a nigger." The two men had excitement written all over their faces. "A big nigger with a mouth full of gold teeth."

"What'd he do?" Jeff said. "Steal?"

"Steal nothing," the other man said. "He raped a white woman back of the A & P in some bushes."

"Probably wasn't rape," Jeff said. "Maybe it was fifty-fifty, the way it sometimes is." He turned toward Martha and motioned with his head for her to come down.

She still carried the hat and had for awhile forgotten she had it. When she got to where the men stood, Jeff snatched the hat from her and said to the men, "Was the nigger wearing a straw hat?"

"It's possible he was but we can't say," the thinner man said.

"Come to think of it," said the other, "I think he was."

"We never saw the nigger anyway; we're only going on what people around there said. They said he had gold teeth and maybe they said he had on a straw hat, I can't say."

"No," the other said, "we're just the law and it's our job to find."

"Well, here's a straw hat I can't account for," Jeff said. "I found it back of the barn at the trough and it wasn't there when I went out this morning; it got there since, an hour ago maybe."

The men started snooping around a little, going around in little semi-circles looking for footprints. "The reason we got out this way," the heavier man said, "is because people who saw the nigger said this was the way he ran. We don't have nothing more to go on than that."

"So we'd like to look your place over just as a matter of form."

"You sure got my permission," Jeff said. "Barn or house, it makes no difference."

Martha began backing away. "You can look till you're tired in the barn," she said, "and anywhere else but the house. You can't traipse all over the house."

Jeff whirled around. "What's wrong with the house?" he said. "A bad nigger is a bad nigger and the law is the law."

Martha turned and ran back toward the porch and the three men followed, but when they tried to come upon the little porch she held both her arms out in a protective gesture.

"Don't be a child," Jeff said.

"I'm no child; they're simply not going in the house," Martha said.

"We can look in the barn and around," one man said.

"We can look other places than the house," the thin man said.

"You can look in the house," Jeff said. "I have a feeling she's hiding something."

"If you are harboring a criminal," the heavier man said, "you are subject to imprisonment. You better let us in."

III

With a delicate gesture of resignation Martha turned away from the door. "Okay," she said, "look your heads off."

She went in ahead of them and showed them around. She went into the cellar, showed them all the little fruit rooms, told them about the sliding door behind the furnace,

gave them the key to the spring house and all the time chatted about the advantages this type of cellar had over any other kind. She made the way she talked sound as if she were trying to sell the place. The men were intent and followed her everywhere and when the cellar had been searched she went to the floor above and when that had been searched, every corner, every nook, she went upstairs to the bedrooms and the clothes closets, and Jeff followed them around carrying the yellow straw hat and looking as important as the law.

In twenty-five minutes the whole house had had a thorough going-over. She had even showed the men Jeff's white bed chamber with the green initials on it that Aunt Molly had given him and the men laughed to the roof tops while Jeff's face got red and blustery. There wasn't anything she didn't show.

When the men came back down to the porch the day had grown very hot and still. Some cicada were humming in the trees at the road.

"Now show them the barn," Martha said to Jeff. "Show them your invention, the one you rigged up to hit the cows over the head when they step in the milk bucket. It's really clever."

"By all means," said one of the men. "I'm a sort of inventor myself, always tinkering with something. My wife always says to me, Henry, you waste your time, but I always say I'm happy."

Jeff was a little out of patience; Martha could tell he wasn't at all interested in showing the men his inventions.

"Thanks very much for your time showing us through the house," the thin man said. "We're sorry we uncovered nothing."

The three men started for the barn and Martha stood at the porch watching them walking. There was Jeff trailing a little in back, carrying the frayed straw hat behind him and out in the field were his unfinished postholes. She began to feel a rich kind of laughter come up out of her throat, and she laughed until the echo struck the barn and reverberated back and forth across the hot fields. She laughed so hard that it was an effort for her to remember how it started.



"Of course, no one is making any new ones . . . we don't even know if it's going to be round."

► *Three States, many districts,
still steeped in Volsteadism.*

THE FAILURE OF LOCAL PROHIBITION

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

DESPITE Repeal, about one-fifth of the entire American population is today subject to prohibition. Three states — Kansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi — and more than half the individual counties of the South officially ban the sale of intoxicating liquor, and the “dry” area is being constantly expanded. The country remembers the ravages of Volsteadism when prohibition was national in scale. How is the system working out on a local scale? Is enforcement any more successful in isolated counties, or in single states, than it was in the era of rum-runners, bootleg kings and corrupt officials of evil memory?

Kansas, traditional stronghold of dry sentiment and home of Carrie Nation’s first crusade, has maintained its state prohibition laws ever since Repeal. It is the one region where dry laws might be expected to win popular support. Yet the story of enforcement there during the past few years is simply a repetition of Volsteadism in all its most gruesome details.

That story might appropriately begin with the murder of Virgil Ott in Wichita on the night of December 1, 1940. Ott was a local gangster with a long record of arrests and convictions. Shortly before midnight of that December date, his dead body was found on the doorstep of Oasis Acres, a speakeasy just outside the city limits. His jaw and part of his neck had been blown off by the blast of a shotgun, and inside the tavern Elza M. Turley, the owner, lay behind barricaded doors, nursing a bullet wound in his arm. To police, the injured man unfolded the grim details of a typical bootlegger’s war. Ott, with three companions, had descended on the speakeasy earlier that night and attempted to hijack the owner’s secluded store of liquor. During the ensuing gun battle, he had been caught in the crossfire and slain by his own mob.

The region around Wichita had been plagued for months by a series of these violent underworld forays. Armed mobs stormed one another’s secret hideouts and carried off large

stocks of bootleg liquor. The Oasis Acres tavern was itself located in the speakeasy and gambling district which flourished unmolested just outside Wichita. Ruled by Al Hester, notorious bootlegger and ex-convict, it had been the scene of numerous gang crimes.

The Ott murder finally touched off a wave of civic revulsion. Wichita newspapers joined in the clamor for a clean-up of local conditions. The *Beacon* stated flatly that an all-time high of more than a hundred booze and gambling joints were operating openly on the outskirts of the city. Photographs of a score of these night spots were published and identified by name. Although sheriff's deputies, when prodded into making raids, had never been able to find any liquor, court records were cited to show that profits averaging as much as \$1000 a week were being earned by one bootlegger alone. Patrons were being poisoned by "rotgut" liquor purchased at some of these establishments, and complaints were bitter that high school children were freely allowed to patronize many of these places.

The reform spurt ran the usual course. A few petty bootleggers were arrested, a few minor convictions were obtained, and the agitation soon died down. Within a few

months the whole corrupt situation flared into the open again. The Four Leaf Clover Club, another Wichita night spot, mysteriously burned to the ground in February 1941. On the night of June 17, 1941, a Wichita speakeasy owner named Zell Matthews was murdered by four unidentified hijackers. Obviously, bootleg liquor was running wild in that part of Sedgwick County.

Today the illicit liquor traffic in that county has become a notorious byword throughout the Middle West. Only a few months ago, a special investigator for the Kansas City *Star* found the region around Wichita "absolutely wide open" for liquor and gambling. No attempt at concealment is made by the operators of these "supper clubs." They readily admit that a well-organized syndicate, headed by well-known gangsters, is in charge of all liquor and gambling activities throughout the state. They speak openly of state officials whose co-operation enables the syndicate to function undisturbed. Even the Wichita Council of Churches was forced to call off a projected clean-up campaign recently because it "couldn't afford to use names" publicly.

Sedgwick County's nullification of the prohibition laws, with all the

accompanying evils, typifies a universal condition wherever enforcement is attempted. Three days after Virgil Ott's murder in Wichita, for example, two bootleggers in Salina, Kansas, were arrested on charges of kidnaping and torturing Benny Saum, a local resident. The two men, Lawrence Bryan and C. D. Lammon, had tied Saum up and burned him with cigarette lighters to make the victim confess that he had stolen their \$1000 cache of liquor. Bryan was convicted and sentenced to prison.

Only two years ago the police chief of Topeka, Charles D. McKnaught, was ousted from office for failure to enforce the liquor laws. McKnaught's removal was the climax of a sensational inquiry by the Kansas Bureau of Investigation into Topeka's "protection payoff" rackets. Half a dozen city officials and politicians were involved, and the revelations of corrupt conditions were spread on the public record for almost a year. While the trials were being held, ironically enough, Topeka bootleggers continued to operate, and gambling resorts flourished unmolested all over town.

The failure of prohibition in Kansas includes a ludicrous incident that took place last year within the walls of Leavenworth

prison itself. Escape of a prisoner disclosed the fact that bootleggers had been visiting trustees at the prison farm and trading liquor for state groceries and vegetables!

II

Oklahoma's liquor situation is virtually identical today with that of Kansas. Householders list bootleggers' telephone numbers along with those of their grocer and druggist. In Tulsa, Oklahoma City or any other large center, bellhops automatically ask guests whether they will have their rooms "with or without" liquor. The price for whisky currently runs as high as \$10 a pint in the larger hotels.

The pattern of law evasion in Oklahoma traditionally centers on the local sheriff and county attorney. The conviction of Sheriff Lew Wilder of Sapulpa, in 1938, revealed the typical manner in which nullification is carried out. In return for letting them operate unmolested, Wilder systematically exacted tribute from all the bootleggers in his county. He even had them raise the price of whisky so that they could pay his protection fee of \$6 a case. A large wholesale liquor firm in Sapulpa, working closely with the sheriff, supplied the bootleggers with their wares.

The whole affair, in fact, turned out to be the largest liquor conspiracy trial ever held in Oklahoma's northern Federal district.

Two years ago, exposure of a huge inter-state liquor ring trapped another Oklahoma sheriff, John Baxter of Muskogee County. Baxter not only collected protection fees, but acted as sentry to warn bootleggers of impending Federal raids. Such scattered convictions, however, have done little to stop the flow of illicit liquor in Oklahoma. In 1941 alone, state officials destroyed more than 125,000 packages of seized liquor. Last March, Tulsa Federal and county authorities revealed that some 16,000 bottles of liquor had been locally confiscated within the previous three or four months. In Oklahoma City, local police stated that they had confiscated 25,000 bottles, worth about \$100,000, during the same period.

In Oklahoma, as in Kansas, there is little effort at concealment. A bootlegger named Pop Sanford, testifying recently in the United States District Court of Oklahoma City, confidently offered to have a pint of whisky delivered to the courtroom within five minutes. Even the OPA has officially recognized the situation by ordering bootlegging establishments to post ceiling prices.

Mississippi, last of the three dry states, barely makes the attempt at enforcement. Biloxi, for example, is today probably the wettest town in the South. Always a liquor and gambling resort, it now operates on a wide-open basis, and its citizens stoutly assert that it will always remain that way. Its lavish casinos usually do not even bother to take out a formal license. Biloxi's traditional method of obtaining revenue is for the police to "raid" these places periodically and collect the established fine.

The situation in Biloxi is repeated at Gulfport and in all the other Gulf Coast and river towns of Mississippi. According to a recent official investigation, liquor is sold everywhere over the counter and in packages "without let or hindrance." Senator Bilbo admitted recently that the number of bootleggers around Camp Shelby was "deplorable." Army officials, in fact, are pleading for legalization of liquor as the only way of establishing even minimum regulation. In dry areas, they find undercover sale lets the situation get completely out of hand.

The same sense of futility was reached by Sheriff Fred A. Ross in Meridian last April. In a public statement, Ross revealed that he had executed more than 2000

search warrants and confiscated more than 22,000 bottles of whisky during his three years in office. Yet in all that time, he declared, "not a single well-known bootlegger or professional gambler has ever spent one single day in the county jail as a result of a sentence imposed on him by any court in Lauderdale county." Prohibition could not be enforced, the sheriff concluded, because of "public apathy" and the "utter failure of the trial courts" to punish offenders.

Corroborating all this evidence of nullification today is a remarkable table of Federal statistics. All retail dealers in hard liquor are required by Federal law each year to purchase special \$27.50 tax stamps. According to the figures issued by the Bureau of Internal Revenue, 824 dealers in Kansas, 980 in Mississippi and 603 in Oklahoma purchased these liquor stamps during 1942!

In dry states, the only legitimate holder of a \$27.50 stamp would be a dealer in medicinal liquors. Obviously, the extraordinary number of stamp purchases in the dry areas has another explanation. Bootleggers, by obtaining these stamps, eliminate the possibility of Federal prosecution for tax evasion. In this way, they simplify their problem down to one of dealing only with

local county and state authorities.

These statistics are even more amazing when compared to the figures for some of the wet states. Arkansas, for example, is a wet state with a slightly *larger* population than the 1,801,028 people of dry Kansas. Yet in 1942 Arkansas had only 678 purchasers of these stamps — or 18 per cent *fewer* than in Kansas. West Virginia, another wet state with a larger population than Kansas, had only 569 stamp holders — or 30 per cent fewer.

III

To anyone who lived through national prohibition, these revelations of nullification today cannot come as a surprise. The Volstead era proved once and for all that liquor can never be banished simply by legal proscription. It only substitutes smuggling for legal sale. Under Volsteadism, in fact, smuggling of liquor became one of the nation's chief industries. Bootleg liquor came into the country by boats, trucks and airplanes. It was concealed in legitimate freight and sent in by railroad. According to U. S. attorney John R. Watkins, a yearly graft of \$2,000,000 was paid to compliant customs officials at the Detroit-Canadian border alone. Syndicates were organized

on an international basis, with ocean fleets of rum runners in their employ. Profits were so huge that, in the words of the Wickersham Report, they were able to employ "the best talent in design, construction, and operation of apparatus and equipment." Enforcement officials and prohibitionists themselves confessed the hopeless futility of the situation.

Today exactly the same situation is being repeated all along the borders of Kansas, Oklahoma and Mississippi. Periodically, Federal authorities close in and break up some of these syndicates. In 1940, for example, the government discovered that Southwestern Distilled Products, Inc., a wholesale liquor firm, was using its branch office in Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, to supply a vast network of Kansas and Oklahoma bootleggers.

Sulphur Springs, ten miles from the Oklahoma border, is a small town of four hundred population. Yet Southwestern did a business of approximately a quarter of a million dollars each month. Its office, in an abandoned warehouse next to a railroad, operated with all the sinister efficiency of a Chicago gang during the Volstead era. Employees constantly carried .45 automatics at their sides, and worked all night loading liquor into bootleggers'

cars. High state officials were involved in the conspiracy, and more than 130 offenders were ultimately convicted and sentenced.

Obviously, the task of enforcing prohibition is even more hopeless in those individual counties which vote dry by local option. Existence of a dry county, in most cases, simply means that its neighboring wet county doubles or triples its liquor business. When several adjacent counties all vote dry, making long trips necessary to obtain liquor, the rum runners obligingly take up the burden.

If the bootleggers fail to supply all of the needs, illegal distillers are quick to do the rest of the job. This is especially true in the South, where both dry sentiment and moonshine have traditionally flourished. Today, for example, almost three-quarters of the counties in Georgia, North Carolina and Alabama are dry by local option. Yet in 1942, Federal agents raided some 5000 illegal stills in these three states — or almost half the 11,372 illegal stills seized *in the entire nation*.

In view of such facts it seems incredible that any group of sane Americans should want to try the experiment of national prohibition a second time. Volsteadism did more than merely prove that en-

forcement is impossible. It introduced a barbarous era of murder and scandal, and exposed the nation to universal mockery and contempt. Mobs of racketeers, like those in Chicago, openly ran city governments, and with complete impunity staged horrifying spectacles like the St. Valentine's Day massacre in 1929. Volsteadism introduced home brew, bathtub gin and the ubiquitous hip-pocket flask. It turned decent social life into a frantic hunt for cheap sensation, with vulgar boors riding hard on the crest of popular approval. It encouraged high-handed and bru-

tal methods of enforcement which created national hatred for all law.

It is clear that local prohibition, whether by county or by state, merely reproduces the same evils on a more limited scale. The question is not, as the "dry" advocates assert, "to drink or not to drink." The choice before the nation is simply whether we wish to have legal liquor with all possible regulation, or illegal liquor with its accompaniments of crime and death. We have had total prohibition and now we have local prohibition to prove that there is no other alternative.

BOND

BY ETHEL BARNETT DEVITO

ALL that we once shared, neighbor: time and weather,
The common pathway to our separate ways,
The swift-flown years sired by the slow-paced days,
Was not enough to lace our lives together.
All that we now share, neighbor: sacrifice;
The fear and hope in faces, laying claim
Altering subtly, till all seem the same,
Is more, is much, but still does not suffice.

But that our sons and brothers now may lie
Singly or side by side in any one
Of countless somewheres underneath this sky —
Lost, or mislaid — for now — to our shared sun,
Has scarred us separately with the same brand:
Neighbor, neighbor, look up, stretch forth your hand . . .

CAPTAIN SCHUMANN'S MERRY PARTY

BY STANLEY MAXTED

A German Air Force captain who led yesterday's raid on a London school was interviewed over the Berlin radio today. "I believe that this will remain a memorable day for all the pilots," the Captain said. "They all got over their target area and dropped bombs where they belonged."

— *United Press dispatch from London.*

"AND the Streets of the City shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Those words were uttered not so long ago in a Church in South East London. As they were uttered a terrible, tearing, agonized moan, came from somewhere in the church. That was all.

That awful moan went back to noonday of Wednesday, January 20, when a young Luftwaffe pilot erected himself a new memorial in South East London. It was a careful piece of work because, according to one of the fire wardens I talked to, this pilot — Captain Schumann by name — circled twice around the spot at roof-top height, and dropped his bomb smack in the middle of an elementary school. That night Captain Schumann broadcast to his pals in Germany, telling them about it. He called it "a merry party," but it wasn't

nearly so merry as it would have been if Captain Schumann could have stayed around a little while. He missed the best part of it, because the rescue parties and Civil Defence people immediately got busy and pretty soon they were bringing out the little objectives that Captain Schumann had flown all the way from his base to drop a fairly expensive bomb on. Captain Schumann would have enjoyed it, because some of them were very badly crushed and mangled — little arms and legs in pulpy shreds. Of all the children killed that day the youngest was five, and the eldest fifteen.

By the way, Captain Schumann, you're not related to Robert Schumann, are you? You know, the one who wrote *Slumber Song* and *Child Falling Asleep*? I just wondered . . . because of your interest in children. Anyway, since you had

to hurry away the other day (I know how busy you German air-men are — and are going to be), since you had to dash off without seeing all the fun, perhaps I can fill in the gaps.

After you left, the Civil Defence squads toiled all day and all night and part of the next day. One after another they brought out little bodies, and mangled pieces of bodies. Some of those at the bottom, pinned down by beams and so on, probably lived quite a while in unbearable agony before they died. You couldn't hear their screams, though, because of all that pile of bricks and stuff on top of them. So you wouldn't have got much fun out of that, you'd have had to be content with watching them brought out. You got thirty-nine children and five teachers. Over fifty children were taken to hospitals, but five or six of those died — they had only a little faint flicker of life in them, anyway. So, you see, you did pretty well. The Führer may even cough up an Iron Cross for you.

If you could have been there that day, you could have seen a policeman with his coat off but his helmet still on, finding the body of his little boy in the wreckage. He hadn't found his two others then; they were farther down. An old

white-haired clergyman, with no hat, and his clerical collar on, carrying baskets of rubble as he staggered over the débris, would have amused you too.

Across the road in a little Church Hall, were women wardens behind card-tables. Filing past these tables were silent mothers whose faces were gray, asking after their children who had not returned from school. You could have stayed in the shadows and laughed your head off. By this time, too, there was quite a pile of torn and blood-soaked small clothing on the sidewalk. There were school books too, with here and there a little shoe. The policeman on the beat there, who knew all these parents who were standing round, worked for ten hours in his shirt-sleeves. He was exhausted, for he'd had no food, but because day after day he'd helped all these kids across the road and knew everybody in every house along the street, he felt pretty badly about it, and dug until he couldn't dig any more. Silly sentimentalists, guys like that — don't you think?

Gosh, you should have seen the Headmistress all the next day. She sat with a pretty grim look on her face. Not the kind of grim look she used to wear when the kids had been up to something — no, a

different kind of grim look. She sat awaiting each additional item to her casualty report, and watching parents identify bits of clothing.

II

From then on until the funeral service, Captain Schumann, I'm afraid I can't help you much. But you'd have found a lot of satisfaction in the funeral. Did you notice the cross roads down the slope a couple of hundred yards from the school? I imagine you did because you weren't much higher than the roof-tops. Maybe you noticed a church there too? Well, that's where the service was held. That's where the man in the white surplice said: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (They won't if you have your way, will they, Captain Schumann?) That's when that low strangled moan went through the Church. It was nothing very much — just a young mother who had spanked her little girl of five that Wednesday morning, and sent her out of the door crying, on her way to school. She couldn't forget that the last time she'd seen that baby she'd been angry at her. That is, the last time until after you'd gone to work on the child.

You don't hold with churches, Captain Schumann, so I don't suppose you'd have gone in anyway; but if you had, there were quite a few little things you might have noticed. A blind man with a white walking stick tapping down the tiled centre aisle of the church, with his daughter leaning heavily on his arm. She was blind too, but it was only tears. Her child had been in that school, and the blind man was the child's grandfather. I'll just list a few more things: A little white-faced woman, rather pinched, hardly more than a girl, who came through the doorway into the church, and looked lost. Her brain was numbed, apparently, and she just sort of fumbled around until one of the crowd of wardens at the back came forward and took her arm and led her to a pew. You'd have found her eyes worth the whole price of that bomb you brought over. They were wide, and staring, and yet dark and sunlit. Quite dry though, they were. There was a sailor and two soldiers — I couldn't tell how the first two felt, because they both had blank poker faces. The last soldier to come in, though, had lost both his girls in the school. He and his wife had had two children. They hadn't any now. I don't think I've ever seen a face filled with quite so

much bitterness. I should think he has a long memory. Stay away from him, Captain Schumann.

At the back of the church, were all the wardens that had dug these youngsters out, and apparently each family had been given a number. As a number was called, one of the wardens would go forward and it was his job to take care of that mother throughout the ceremony and the burial at the cemetery later on. Some of the women just let themselves be led around by the arm, not caring much any more.

The second item in the service was a thing called a Psalm. They have numbers, too, you know. This was number twenty-three. It has a swell bit in it which says: *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me.* I don't suppose that interests you, Captain Schumann, but you might just bear it in mind.

The Address was given by the Lord Bishop of Southwark, after the organ had played a rather fine thing by a man called Elgar — *Solemn Melody*. I believe you'd despise the Lord Bishop, because from his words you could tell he was a godly man, kindly, and full of compassion for these people.

I suppose what he had to say wouldn't have made much sense, and his voice had none of the ringing shrillness of the Führer's. It was more like that of a good shepherd. After his text, which started: *These are they which have come out of great tribulation . . .*, he said it was far easier to say too much than too little. He told them that he knew that however great their faith was, there was a mighty strain upon it now. He reminded them of the Feast just passed — that of the Holy Innocents — the children killed at the birth of Christ by Herod in Bethlehem. The Lord Bishop leaned forward on his elbows on the pulpit, as though he knew that no words would do anything but desecrate the private grief of those women, saying, "We can only be resolved that this shall be avenged in the only way it can; that never again shall anyone be allowed to visit such a thing on his fellow man." Then, still leaning forward, he said: "Here, in a Father's house, do be sure that all is well with them. In heaven, there *must* be children." Then this rather tired old man clasped his hands in front of him, and closed his eyes saying: "May God give you comfort, and take care of His own people."

Near me, I saw a hard-boiled

reporter sneak a knuckle to the corner of his eye. I wasn't doing so well myself. There was another hymn and some prayers which ended with a Benediction. Then there was dead silence, except for those torn, strangled sounds, here and there in the church. *Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they were not.* Have you ever noticed, Captain Schumann, how quiet people are when they're deeply stirred? I don't mean stirred like listening to the Führer's speeches, but really stirred. That's the way the great throng were who went along the road to the cemetery. A half a hundred people were in trouble, and these others, their neighbors, wanted to bear them company.

III

There was a great silence over the whole way. At the cemetery, at the top of a gentle rise, was a grave about fifty feet long. Side by side at the bottom of it, in a row, were thirty-one small, light-gray coffins — such tiny ones they looked — some of them tinier than others. Each of them had a metal plate on the top commemorating your “party.” The short service of committal started with something about “pity” and “mercy.” I only men-

tion that because I don't think you'll be hearing about those two words from these people, if you get what I mean.

After the surpliced group, with the cross and the Bishop's staff preceding them, had moved away, a slow, bowed line of women moved in single file around the edge of the grave. They peered down, trying to read the names on the metal plates. Most of them carried posies of spring flowers, which each dropped on the coffin she was looking for. Perhaps this ordeal had been a little too long, because now some of them started to break. These women who had endured the glad agony of their children's birth, were finding the sad agony of their children's going just too much, and as they went, their eyes darkly blind with grief, some of the women who had stood up so well simply couldn't bear to see those pitifully small caskets covered over from their sight. It was just too final.

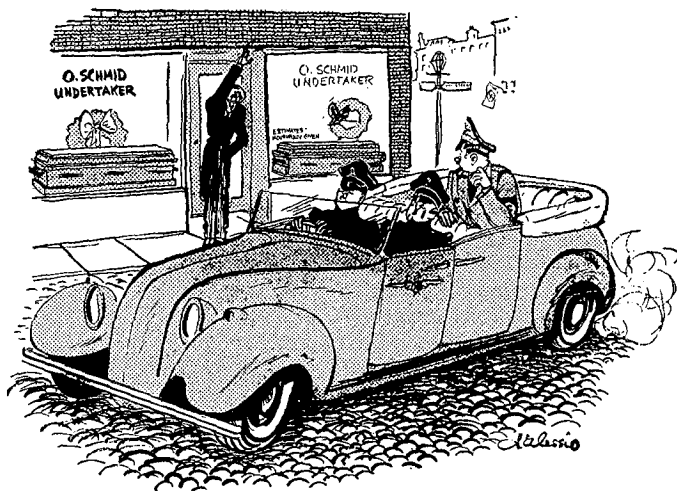
I turned away. And just then I saw another open grave, with a man standing beside it. You remember opening up on the street with your machine gun after you'd dropped your bomb, don't you, Captain Schumann? Well, that woman who went down on her knees and then on her back, was twenty-four years

old. That white bundle she was carrying was her son, John. He was three months old. You did pretty well there, because those bullets went through the baby and the mother too. That's who was in that other grave with the man standing beside it. Back from him about twenty yards was a group of soldiers in khaki. I don't know who they were or why they were there, but their faces, too, weren't very beautiful. I could feel sorry for some of your boys in a way, because somewhere, sometime, somehow, they're going to meet these men. From what I saw on their

faces, it won't be a nice meeting.

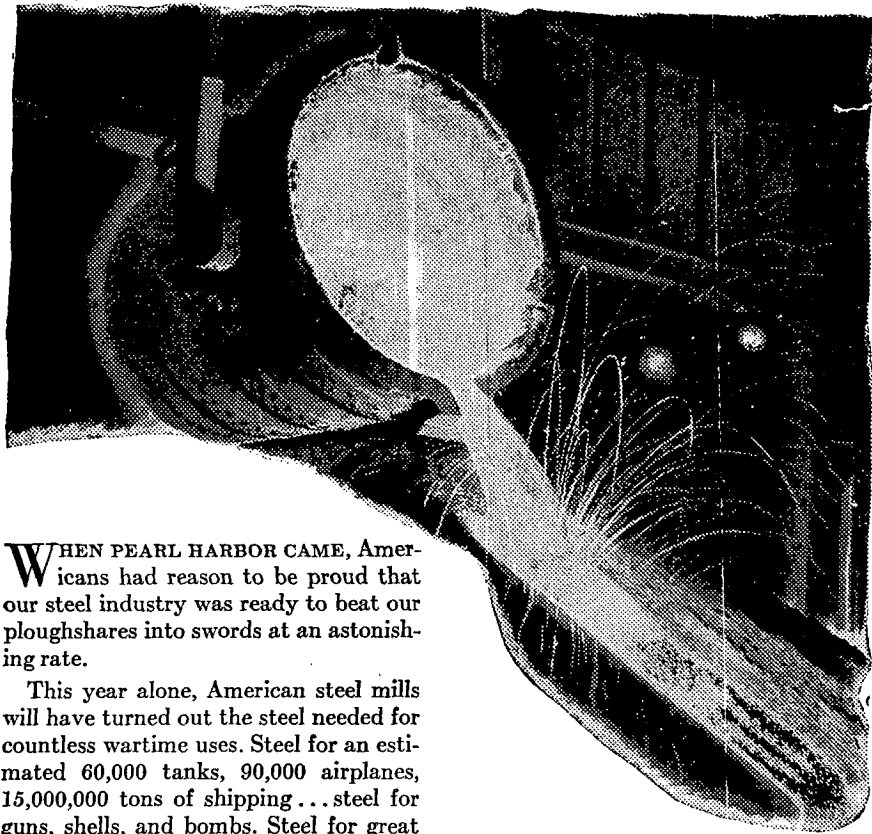
Ah well, right now, under some kind English earth, those kids who, alive, were such a menace to the armies of the Reich have found the answer to a lot of things that you and I, Captain Schumann, don't know. Remember the sounds under that crumpled building just after you left? Remember those sounds that I mentioned in the church, wrenched from inside a woman? Try remembering them at night, preferably — and good luck to you, Captain Schumann.

A merry party you had? Congratulations.



"Heil Hitler!"

How life insurance dollars help produce steel for Victory



WHEN PEARL HARBOR CAME, Americans had reason to be proud that our steel industry was ready to beat our ploughshares into swords at an astonishing rate.

This year alone, American steel mills will have turned out the steel needed for countless wartime uses. Steel for an estimated 60,000 tanks, 90,000 airplanes, 15,000,000 tons of shipping... steel for guns, shells, and bombs. Steel for great cables like those that righted the *Oklahoma* and other battleships sunk at Pearl Harbor... steel for the fleets of scrapers and tractors that helped build the Alaskan highway.

Result of courage and faith

These contributions to our war effort

didn't just happen by accident. Long before Pearl Harbor, farsighted steel management had the courage and the faith to increase steel capacity far beyond immediate needs.

Management was able to do this because of our natural resources, our native ingenuity, the skill of American man-

power... and the millions of dollars invested in industry by people who have faith in America's future.

Among these are the policyholders of America's life insurance companies. Through their companies, 67,000,000 policyholders have invested about \$1,750,000,000 in the bonds of industrial concerns. Of this amount, more than \$350,000,000 represents investments made by Metropolitan for policyholders.

These investments have been made not only in the steel industry, but in the aluminum, rubber, oil, chemical, and many others. Our war effort requires maximum production in these industries. This production could not have been attained without adequate financial backing. Every life insurance agent who persuades some individual to provide or retain life insurance is the means of making life insurance dollars available for such investments.

Today—war comes first

Today, most of Metropolitan's fund

available for investment is going into United States Government Bonds to help finance the war. When the war ends, the dollars that policyholders have set aside to insure the security of their families will again be ready to support and encourage sound and stable peacetime industries.

Steel, for example, is already doing its postwar planning. The present feats of that industry are an indication of what we may expect in steel for better peacetime products, ranging from railway equipment to kitchen cabinets, and from automobiles to bread knives.

Planning for the future

Just as life insurance policyholders contributed to our present industrial capacity, every one who uses life insurance to plan his own future is helping, through payment of premiums, to underwrite industry's postwar planning.

For Metropolitan's 30,000,000 policyholders have faith in the continued and growing greatness of their country.

**BUY WAR SAVING STAMPS FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT,
OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE**

COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



- *A proposal for safeguarding
peace through the schools.*

EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

THOSE who hope that, at the end of the present war, some system may be found which will ensure a long era of peace have drawn up various schemes for the regulation of international relations by law. I am not concerned, at the moment, to discuss such schemes, but only to point out one respect in which, as it seems to me, almost all of them fall short. This defect (as I consider it) is in relation to education.

At present, education everywhere is controlled by national states, and is used to promote a degree of nationalism which is scarcely compatible with any system of international government. In the totalitarian countries, especially in Germany and Japan, education has been, and is, just as much part of the preparation for war as the manufacture of munitions. No one can doubt that the

young men who carried out the raid on Pearl Harbor felt themselves to be doing something noble; without this belief they would have been lacking in the necessary courage and discipline. This false belief is the result of bad education, and shows that, in certain respects, *national education will have to be subject to international control if the world is to be safe from such disasters as it is now enduring.*

Assuming some form of international authority established — I use this vague phrase because what I have to say is compatible with any of the suggested schemes — it must, if it is to be stable, forbid, and if necessary punish, not only actual rebellion, but the ideological preparation for rebellion by means of miseducation in recalcitrant national states. But this negative aspect — forcible preven-

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the celebrated British philosopher, mathematician, sociologist and educator, now lives in the United States. He is the author of more than a dozen books, the most recent of which are *Education* and *The Social Order, In Praise of Idleness and Which Way to Peace?*

tion and punishment — is less important than the positive aspect.

There must be an educational system promoted by the international authority, designed to give instruction free from national bias, to produce textbooks and works of research calculated to encourage a universal human loyalty rather than a sectional devotion to some part of the human race even at the cost of war, and to train teachers with a well-informed belief in the principles upon which any supernational authority must rest. Let us consider how such a system can be built after the end of the present war.

The central institution required will be an international university. This should be in some neutral territory, analogous to the District of Columbia. It should be frankly designed to serve two purposes, one the purely academic, the other that of creating and diffusing an outlook calculated to prevent war and to promote loyalty to international ideals.

The purely academic side of the university must, if the institution is to serve its purpose, be at least as good as is to be found in any existing university, and should, before long, be considerably better. It will be financed by the international authority, which should

make generous appropriations. The laboratories, libraries and other equipment should be the best possible. The architecture should be modern and utilitarian, but at the same timespacious and splendid.

The university must have a charter, embodying a Bill of Rights. Both as regards teachers and as regards students, it must be open to all races, all religions, all political opinions except such as reject the idea of an international government. It is obvious that, if it failed in this respect, it would not be truly international. Men and women who are academically qualified must not be rejected because they are yellow or brown or black, nor because they are Jews or Buddhists or Mohammedans or Hindus, nor yet because they do not subscribe to the dogmas of any sect or creed.

The student body should be entirely postgraduate. It would not, therefore, compete with existing universities; but it is to be hoped that it would become customary for students who hoped to achieve eminence to go on from their alma mater to a postgraduate course at the international university. In addition, advanced temporary fellowships should be offered to older men, both in the universities and in different professions, to enable

them to keep abreast of recent work in their special fields, to meet their foreign colleagues, and generally to refresh their minds. Such fellowships would encourage the beneficent custom of the sabbatical year. Moreover, to supplement the permanent teaching staff of the university, funds should be set aside to provide for visiting lecturers. Finally, the university should hold summer schools for those who could not otherwise enjoy its advantages. By these means, it would soon become a flourishing intellectual center.

The mixture of nationalities, though it would present some difficulties, would tend to diminish national bias, both among students and teachers, and would make impossible the kind of teaching which ignores fact in order to flatter the nation to which professor and students alike belong. The Japanese teach that Japan was created sooner than other parts of the world; in an institution where many nations meet as equals, such doctrines, even if a teacher holds them privately, cannot be avowed without covering him with ridicule.

Science, naturally, would be emphasized in the curriculum, and still more in the expenditure, of the university. Public-spirited and humane men of science would be

relieved of a weight upon their consciences which, in the world as it is now, grievously oppresses very many of them. They know that their discoveries and inventions, whatever their intention, are likely to be used to make war more terrible and there is nothing that they can do to prevent this result. Some optimists, such as Nobel, have allowed themselves to think that, by making war more destructive, they were making it less probable, but this is disproved both by history and psychology. The main promoter of warlike feeling among ordinary people is fear and therefore whatever makes war more dreaded also makes it more probable. Most men of science nowadays realize this. They therefore feel that, in their pursuit of knowledge and mastery over natural forces, they are compelled, however little they may desire it, to drive mankind further and further along the road to self-destruction.

Men of science employed by the international authority would not be troubled in this way. Whatever strengthens the central government from a military point of view makes rebellion less likely, just as, at the end of the Middle Ages, gunpowder and artillery put an end to the anarchy of feudal barons. Very soon, if people come to feel peace

secure, the possible warlike uses of science will sink into the background and it will again become an almost wholly beneficent activity, as it was before the days of Archimedes, the first scientific militarist.

But the distinctive character of the university would be shown more in other subjects than in science. It is not science, in the main, that determines men's judgments of value; and judgments of value have enormous influence in determining the course of events. Plato forbade poets in his Republic, not because he despised them, but because he feared them; he forbade the Lydian mode in music, because it did not promote martial ardor. Similarly, Hitler objects to certain kinds of painting and to certain schools of architecture. I do not suggest that our university should be equally illiberal. On the contrary, I am pointing out that these authorities in totalitarianism perceived the danger to their systems of certain forms of art, and thereby paid a tribute to the importance of the cultural side of education.

II

Among academic studies, perhaps the one that affords the clearest illustration of what a world university could achieve is history. At

present, history is usually written, and almost always taught, with a nationalistic bias; facts are distorted, or if not actually falsified, are unfairly selected; many of the men who are held up to most admiration are not those who have benefited all mankind, but those who have led one particular nation to victory in war.

What is even more important is the national bias exhibited in the history of science. The law which the English call Boyle's law is in France attributed to Mariotte; English writers sometimes suggest that Priestley discovered oxygen, which is an injustice to Lavoisier; German mathematicians are apt to claim Gauss as the originator of non-Euclidean geometry, whereas this honor belongs to the Russian Lobatchevsky. The invention of the steamboat is quite a different affair in English and American books. The most famous of such controversies was the dispute between Newton and Leibnitz about the invention of the calculus, which prevented George I from bringing Leibnitz with him to England, and ruined English mathematics for more than a century. In all these cases, the facts are easily ascertained and should be set forth impartially; but as things are, national bias perpetuates traditional errors.

These evils are a matter of degree; while they are nowhere wholly absent, they are much worse in Germany, Italy and Japan than in any other large countries. The Italian government emphasized the glories of ancient Rome, and tried to make its subjects believe that these glories could be revived. The Japanese government "revived" the ancient Shinto religion, which had been almost completely displaced by Buddhism. But the new Shinto was very different from the old. It was a state religion, designed to instill the belief that the Japanese are racially superior to all other nations. The Mikado is descended from the sun goddess, and has been revered from the earliest times. The innumerable occasions on which he has been assassinated, or imprisoned, or kept on a starvation diet, are passed over in silence.

Thousands of years of completely mythical history have to be treated, even in universities, as undoubtedly authentic. The young are taught that duty is summed up in filial piety, of which the most important form is fanatical devotion to the Mikado as the Father of his people. Such a belief, while it retains its present force, makes it impossible to incorporate Japan in any genuine attempt at international

co-operation; Japan's membership in the League of Nations carried always a large measure of hypocrisy. A new education, even if at first it has to be imposed by force, will be required to turn Japan into a country able to co-operate sincerely in the preservation of world peace.

The history of German chauvinism is even more relevant to our theme, since it began among university professors. Fichte and Hegel, Mommsen and Treitschke taught the superiority of Germans to all others. These learned men and their lesser coadjutors prepared public opinion in Germany for Bismarck, William II and Hitler. They show what university professors can achieve, and what, in an opposite direction, may be achieved by a world university.

It must not be supposed that Germany and Italy and Japan alone falsify history; all large countries do so, in a greater or less degree. The accounts of the Indian mutiny that are taught to English children are grossly one-sided. In the world university, the Indian account of this event must be given exactly as much weight as the English account. Similarly, the Spanish-American War of 1898 must be treated from a point of view which is neutral as between

Spain and the United States. All this will happen almost automatically in an institution where all civilized nations are represented both among teachers and among students.

History, freed from nationalist bias, has a very important function to perform in education. There are certain respects in which men are different from animals, and civilized men from savages. On the whole and in the main, most of us wish to increase rather than diminish these differences. Universal admiration is given to individuals who have been eminent in art or literature or science. The conquest of poverty, which is now technically possible, is generally recognized as important. As soon as we begin to view mankind as a whole, we see that there is a certain common fund of achievement and that there are certain common hopes of improvement, which afford a rational basis for cooperation. It is these that should be emphasized by the world university in its teaching of history, as also of economics and the social sciences generally.

So far, I have been considering the purely academic side of the international university. It should also, however, have functions more directly connected with the gov-

ernment of the world. The two most important of these are the production of textbooks and the training of teachers.

As regards textbooks: the international university should appoint a licensing board to select textbooks from those already written, or if necessary, to commission the writing of new ones. Every author of a textbook would have to seek the *imprimatur* of the international university before his book could be used in schools. Any state which persistently rejected the internationally authorized textbooks in its national education would thereby afford *prima facie* evidence of its disloyalty, and would be penalized by the international authority.

This arrangement would not be intended to prevent students from encountering different points of view. On the contrary, both university students and children of all ages should be allowed and encouraged to read partisan statements and nationalistic literature of all countries (not one country); but the textbooks prescribed by their teachers, their "set books," should have the certificate of the international committee. They would thus be sure of their facts, and could read the propaganda of all sides without being misled. In this way, they would soon learn "sales

resistance" against all propaganda not supported by convincing evidence. Inspectors appointed by the committee would visit all schools to make sure that the approved textbooks were being used and it would, of course, be necessary for national governments, on pain of deprivation of federal privileges, to allow such inspectors all necessary facilities and guarantee their authority.

III

Some of the beneficial effects of the international educational system would at first be hampered by the faults of existing national systems of education. For example, even in America, a teacher at a college in a small midwestern town, having acquired a wide and unbiased knowledge of the world while studying at the international university, might discuss impartially with his pupils some country with an economic system different from that of the United States, pointing out its defects, but admitting that it also had merits. The local taxpayers, or the millionaire founder of the college, might then clamor for his dismissal and denounce the world university as a center of un-American propaganda.

Mr. and Mrs. Lynd have pointed

out the preference of Middletown schools for Middletown teachers, or if these are not available in sufficient numbers, for teachers from the same state rather than scholars from other states, however distinguished. I do not know whether in Middletown, as in New York, it is illegal to employ aliens as teachers, but I fear that some of this dislike of outside influence may be extended to native Americans who have studied abroad and brought back ideas strange to their home towns. And if this attitude may be feared in parts of the United States, how much more common it would be in less enlightened countries.

But on the whole, except in ex-enemy countries, the international university would, one may hope, be welcomed. Germany, Italy and Japan will presumably be subjected, at first, to armies of occupation, to be withdrawn when withdrawal is thought safe. Educational reform should be one of the conditions of withdrawal, and willingness to co-operate with the international university should be demanded as proof of such reform.

It is to be hoped that the international university will influence teachers especially, both directly and indirectly. As regards university teaching, the prestige of the

international university should lead to the appointment, in other universities, of a large percentage of teachers who have profited by its education. The international authority might encourage this by paying a percentage of the salary of any professor or instructor, at any university, who had been a satisfactory student at the international university. But as regards schools, something different will be required. Here what is most important is the training of teachers. It would be desirable for all instructors in training colleges to have been trained at the world university; its influence would then percolate first to the teachers and then to the students. Perhaps it is Utopian to hope that national governments would at present consent to this. But it is not Utopian to hope that, through university education, teachers in training colleges will be indirectly influenced by the world university, since we have reason to think that its influence on other universities will be very considerable.

Some purists may object to all that has been said on the ground that it involves an illegitimate use of education for the purpose of instilling certain political opinions. This objection will be urged, on the one hand, by those who wish

other political opinions to be instilled, namely those of a narrow nationalism; and on the other hand, by those who hold that education, and especially university education, should have no ulterior motive, but should be concerned solely to equip students with certain kinds of knowledge and skill.

The objectors of the first of these two kinds are really objectors to something which is essential to international government, and are carrying over a point of view which the creation of any international authority is designed to render out-of-date. In a world of wholly independent states, any one of which might attack any other, it was felt that the only safety lay in readiness for self-defense, and that such readiness had to be secured, not only by armaments, but by the creation of a strong national feeling. The internal stability of the national governments of all large countries has been secured by prolonged educational propaganda, dating back in England, France, Spain and Russia to the Middle Ages; in the United States, to 1776; in Germany and Italy, to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is only through such propaganda that national interests have superseded local interests in public opinion.

IV

Modern war has made the active participation of the whole population increasingly necessary and no nation, now, can expect victory if any large section is indifferent or hostile to the efforts of the government. This has made the ideological preparation for war more important than it was in former times, while education, the press and the radio have provided technical means of intensifying it. In the modern world, any government which foregoes such ideological weapons is doomed to extinction and the most important of these weapons is education.

But a propaganda which is exclusively national is no longer adequate, even from a purely military point of view. The present war is being fought by an alliance, which requires mutual understanding and respect for its smooth working. Victory would be endangered if the Allies were to compete in each lauding their own merits at the expense of the others. What is necessary among the Allies during the war will be necessary on a more extensive scale after the peace if a Federation sufficiently powerful to prevent future world wars is to be established. Such a Federation will need a new outlook, in the

establishment of which the world university must play a leading part.

But the outlook required will not need, as nationalist education does, the support of untruthful or misleading propaganda. The educational work required to insure the stability of the international authority will consist entirely in emphasizing truths which national governments are apt to suppress, and in exposing falsehoods which national governments are prone to disseminate. When I speak, in this connection, of "truths" and "falsehoods," I am not thinking of something metaphysical; I should, for this purpose, define "truth" as what is accepted as truth by a well-informed person who is not a party to the controversy. Let us take again, as an illustration, the Indian mutiny. It would not do, in preparing a textbook in which this event is treated, to accept as final either English or Indian opinion; but an international body might hope to present the facts in an impartial manner, or to choose, as the author of the textbook in question, some historian, neither English nor Indian, who would be free from bias in favor of England or in favor of India. His book, if used in both English and Indian education,

would tend to diminish the intensity of national prejudice in both countries.

National propaganda has been successful largely because it has been felt to be in line with national interests. The new international outlook must also be presented as in line with national interests. This should be an easy task. At the end of the present war, assuming the Axis Powers defeated, there should be a very general realization that wars are a misfortune to all parties, and that it is to the interest of all to find a way of preventing them. It should be easy, given the establishment of an international authority, to persuade all the politically conscious portions of the human race that the only way to prevent war is to substitute law, enforced by an adequate, centralized armed force, for the present anarchic system in which each national government has its own forces and is the sole judge as to how and when to employ them.

Anyone may be free to utter any opinion, but there will be an authoritative impartial body which can refute anything demonstrably false in his statements, and which

will have adequate methods of publicity to cause its refutation to become widely known.

In a world so full of chaotic evil, any man who combines intelligence with humane feeling must be, in a greater or less degree, a missionary. A new world is needed, and the battle of the democracies must be inspired by the hope of creating it. Our battle must not be purely defensive: it must be inspired by a new hope and a new vision. No hope has much chance of realization, in our technically unified but politically divided planet, unless through the creation of an international authority, strong enough and resolute enough to prevent the recurrence of world wars. The creation of such an authority, for the first time in human history, is now a practical possibility. When once it exists, the men who serve it will see new opportunities of progress. Philosophers, historians, economists, men of science will be liberated from the nightmare oppressions that have impeded their creativeness. Our times of darkness may be succeeded by a great age, in which a new productiveness will be generated by new hopes and wider loyalties.



CLINICAL NOTES

INTELLECTUAL WAR PROFITEERS

THE term war profiteer conveys the suggestion of an unsavory plugugly operating in the black markets or gouging the government on cost-plus contracts. This kind of speculator is as old as war itself. Good Queen Bess turned a dishonest penny selling moldy biscuits to the sailors who turned back the Armada.

But not all modern war profiteers think in terms of money. There are other alluring objects of speculation: power, prestige, popularity. It is one of the paradoxes of war that, while it evokes marvels of heroism on the front, it often causes moral courage in the rear to sink to a very low level. Even when there is no especially repressive legislation, people are inclined to succumb to mass psychoses. They place propaganda ahead of truth; they are afraid to commit themselves in public to ideas which they are quite ready to express in private conversation. And here is where your intellectual and spiritual war profiteer rushes in for the kill. He is first of all a

speculator in mob psychology, an exploiter of the lower ranges of popular thought and feeling. Names are invidious; but a few hypothetical examples may create the composite picture of this subtler type of war profiteer.

Perhaps he is a mediocre poet with a gift of flowery language that, when taken to pieces, means little, if anything. Total war gives him his chance to strut around as an amateur Goebbels, denouncing everyone who does not take his flow of words at face value with some smear word like defeatist, fifth columnist, sixth columnist, or even fascist. Or perhaps our hero is a former sports writer, turned expert on international affairs. One can be sure that his ideas on how to deal with the vanquished foe will be few, simple and strong. Bash their brains out, to the last man, woman and child. Buckets of blood, plenty full.

Our profiteer may also be a former writer of very ordinary detective stories, suddenly possessed of the illusion that he knows all

the answers to the problems of Europe and Asia, of an urge to recommend indiscriminate hate in unlimited doses as the sure way to win the war and the peace, and eager to regiment a legion of writers to promote his theories. It is invariably and significantly authors of very limited artistic gifts who go in heavily for emotional war profiteering.

Our profiteer may also be a scholar of more or less eminence in a specialized branch who succumbs to a fatal impulse to climb down from his ivory tower. No one can be quite as far off the mark as the professor enraged. He may begin to write three-column letters, long on words, short on concrete ideas, to leading newspapers. Or he may undertake the Sisyphus task of whitewashing every one of the innumerable political executions and disappearances of eminent old revolutionaries under the Stalinite dispensation.

The intellectual, like the financial, war profiteer cannot be eliminated by any simple rule-of-thumb method. Both not infrequently cloak themselves in the pseudo-patriotism that blunt old Dr. Johnson once defined as the last refuge of the scoundrel. But war profiteering in the realm of ideas is more dangerous than is generally

realized. By appealing to mean and ungenerous impulses, by operating in a cloud-world of fancies and gross exaggerations, of half-truths, quarter-truths and downright lies, it gravely diminishes the chances of an intelligent and lasting peace.

There is just one formula for keeping the intellectual war profiteer in check. That formula is more intestinal fortitude on the home front.

— WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

END OF THE COMINTERN?

PERSONS afflicted with a good memory find it more difficult to work up enthusiasm for the recent dissolution of the Third or Communist International than commentators and editorial writers not thus handicapped. They recall that the "American" Communist Party, though it formally severed connections with the International in 1940, has followed zealously every turn and twist of the party line since then notwithstanding. They recall, too, that another Muscovite world organization—the Profintern or Red Trade Union International—had been disbanded back in 1935. Far from ending party-line infiltration of American labor unions, that dissolution signaled a peculiarly energetic period of communist union-split-

ting and union capture tactics.

Most important of all, such people cannot help recalling that the Communist International in the last fifteen years had been increasingly the inert puppet of the Foreign Office, the GPU and other branches of the Soviet régime. It held only one world congress after 1928. It had ceased long ago to initiate anything, serving simply as a formal channel for conveying the instructions of the dictatorship to its foreign legions. Unless more tangible proofs that the conspiratorial aspects of this world organization have been abandoned are forthcoming, the liquidation, therefore, means only a change in the messenger service, the elimination of an intermediary who enjoyed no independent influence or functions.

It should be remembered that Moscow never had any physical or police control of its foreign parties. Obedience has been a voluntary discipline by job-holders and faithful believers. The erasure of the International does not in itself affect that discipline. There is as yet no reason for doubting that the party line will be followed with the same slavish and unthinking enthusiasm as in the past. The speed and unanimity with which some thirty national parties accepted

and confirmed the order of dissolution in itself fortifies suspicions as to the genuineness of the gesture. Had the action meant any profound organizational or ideological revolution, at least one of the orphaned sections would have raised a howl of despair. The very act of relaxing centralized control of this world organization has demonstrated its amazing cohesion and the completeness of its subordination to the Soviet dictatorship.

A time may come, of course, when the USSR will decide to sacrifice the political leverage it now possesses in foreign countries through its rubberstamp parties and its great array of "front" organizations. If and when that happens we shall know it beyond peradventure of doubt, because it will be manifest in a collapse of existing Communist Parties, stooge organizations, subsidized newspapers and the rest of the propaganda and pressure mechanism. That functioning apparatus, rather than the Communist International label, is the core of the matter. When it is disowned and dismantled, the world will know that Moscow-controlled world-wide communist operations have in truth been given up.

The dissolution of the Comin-

tern, in short, means nothing until we have positive answers to questions such as these:

Will the Imprecor and the Inter-continent News and other propaganda services for the communist press out of Moscow be discontinued?

Will the Pan-Slav movement under communist guidance here and in many other countries be liquidated?

Will the so-called Partisans, led by imported and local communists, cease their private civil war against General Draja Mihailovich and his Chetniks in Yugoslavia?

Will the Chinese communists, whose activities are tying up a large section of the Nationalist forces, merge themselves with the larger Chinese forces against Japan?

Will the special "Polish Army" recently set up in Russia, without the consent of the Polish government-in-exile recognized by all the United Nations except Russia, be dispersed?

Will the communist contingent in the De Gaulle movement break its pipelines to Moscow and follow a purely French policy unrelated to Russia's larger plans?

Will communist infiltration of refugee groups—such as the Italian exiles in America and England—now cease, and one of the disrup-

tive influences in the shaping of postwar plans thus be removed?

The mere formulation of such questions indicates the nature of a true dissolution of the international communist network. Only those willing to accept the word for the deed can overlook them. The word itself, the gesture of dissolution, may have certain propaganda values, but those who think or pretend that a genuine change has already taken place are helping to pile up dangerous illusions.

— E. L.

CALL FOR RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHERS

THE past two decades have seen a renewal of interest in the great writers of the New England Golden Age, together with a new appreciation of their stature. Not only have Melville, Emerson and Thoreau been brought back to their true places in the history of American letters, but even such lesser lights as Margaret Fuller, Longfellow and Whittier have at long last been cleansed of the infamy assigned to them by critics more eager to shock than to evaluate honestly. All this has long been overdue, for surely in our brief literary annals we have produced a unique and highly respectable mass of writing, especially in the

realms of lyrical poetry and prose fiction.

One wonders, however, why the new historians have not done a similar service to the theologians of New England. They number among them some of the chief glories of our culture. The Reverend John Wise of colonial times preached a political and spiritual democracy that is as timely now as it was three hundred years ago. William Ellery Channing was in many ways the father of Unitarianism and other phases of American humanism, while Theodore Parker introduced the Higher Criticism of Biblical history to our shores. Both Channing and Parker roamed far afield into the spheres of politics and economics, branding all forms of oppression, from slavery to poverty, as un-Christian. Parker, in fact, is credited by many as being the inspirer of Lincoln's phrase, "of the people, by the people, for the people." These three theologians lead the list of at least fifty others. They were all men of colossal intrinsic merit and wide influence. In many ways we are all reaping the benefits of their heroic labors. It would be only simple justice to give them their due in worthy re-appraisals — not in doctoral dissertations overlaid with detail and deficient in understand-

ing, but in mature studies suffused with a fine feeling for the magnificence of the American idea.

— C. A.

"ROLLBACK" SUBSIDIES

WHEN the Office of Price Administration proposed to "rollback" prices by means of subsidies, certain Congressmen professed to be "shocked and chagrined." A visitor from Mars would scarcely have guessed that they are as numerous as Washington pressure groups, each of which, however, is shocked by handouts to anyone but its own crowd.

Donald Montgomery, consumer counsel for the United Automobile Workers, reduced the subject to its least common denominator, when he said on June 8 before a Senate Agricultural subcommittee:

Frankly, I find it hard to understand what is wrong with the principle of using public funds to subsidize some part of the high wartime cost of food our people buy in retail stores, when the food served to Senators and the visiting public in the United States capitol is paid for in part out of public funds, not only in wartime, but in peacetime as well.

The "rollback" subsidy is no more unique or revolutionary than the teeming direct and indirect payments to farmers, manufacturers, regional businesses, labor, a thousand other groups from public

tax funds. Here are just a few of the subsidies under which farmers are operating today:

Parity Payments to growers of cotton, corn, wheat, rice, and tobacco for the purpose of bringing the returns on these crops up to prices fixed in advance.

Soil Conservation Payments — to help defray out-of-pocket expenses of farmers in applying approved soil-building practices, such as growing cover crops, terracing land to prevent erosion, applying fertilizers, etc.

Agricultural Conservation Program Payments or *Diversion Payments* — made to those who comply with acreage allotments limiting the planting of soil-depleting crops.

Price Supports — loans or purchases by the Commodity Credit Corporation to support or raise market prices.

In addition, "incentive payments" are being advocated to encourage increased planting of essential crops. In fighting subsidies for "rollback" consumer prices, farmers clearly cannot be opposed to the principle of the thing.

Neither can it be true that business is dead set against subsidies as a matter of principle. Since the hot breath of war touched our country, thousands of individual and industry-wide subsidies have been

extended. The armed services have guaranteed high prices to armament makers, shipbuilders, and every type of war producer to get out new types and to get them out faster. Manufacturers have been assured that if they would expand and experiment, the government would pay them prices sufficient to give them a profit. Though they may not be called that, they are as truly "parity payments" and "diversion payments" as those given to farmers. The flow of manganese, copper, molybdenum and virtually every other ore has been increased by government purchases at high prices making it safer to take the chance of mining these metals.

Labor, too, has been amply subsidized. Long before the war, wages of most workers were guaranteed under the Federal Wages and Hours Law. Under the National War Labor Board, the majority of increases granted to labor have been, in effect, subsidies, since by far the majority of the raises came to war workers, and therefore out of Uncle Sam's pockets.

That there should be any "shock" and "chagrin" about subsidizing consumers is exceedingly paradoxical. After all, more consumers vote than any other class.

— LARSTON D. FARRAR

JIM THORPE:

The Greatest Athlete Alive

BY FRANK SCULLY AND NORMAN SPER

THE gatetender at Gate No. 4 at the Ford plant in Detroit is Jim Thorpe, who at fifty-five is still the greatest natural athlete alive. Put any young squirt up against Jim for a week's competition covering every field of sport and Jim will come out the champ. He took a football the other day and standing at midfield dropkicked it over the goal in one direction, then turned around and kicked another goal in the other direction. In baseball, golf, bowling, football, basketball, tennis, hockey, broadjumping, discus throwing, bulldogging, wrestling, hunting, boxing — well, *any* sport you can name — his muscles react perfectly to this day.

Five years ago Jim was working on a Hollywood picture. The director had him dressed up in tailfeathers and moccasins, as the sort of Indian who lets cigar stores creep up behind him. Some college athletes were in the picture and they were jumping around between takes, placing bets on their skill in

the standing broad jump. They got up to ten feet.

Bill Frawley, an actor, learned from the director that the stage Indian was Jim Thorpe. Frawley decided to cook up a surprise. He told the crowd that he had an old man of 50 who he thought could beat the college athletes. Bets climbed until Frawley had to cover a pool of \$100 before the books closed.

Jim took off his feathers, left on his moccasins. He flexed his leg muscles three times and jumped — 10 feet 8 inches. That's only six inches behind the world's record.

James Francis Thorpe was born at Prague in Oklahoma in 1888. His father was half-Irish and half-Indian. His mother was one-quarter French and three-quarters Indian. Through his mother Jim was a descendant of Chief Black Hawk, the famous warrior of the Chippewa tribe.

He could ride like the wind when three years old. By the time he was

twelve, he had the strength of a man and could break wild horses with the best of them. His people called him Chief Bright Path, but when he went to Carlisle Institute in Pennsylvania he became plain Jim. The story of how Jim happened to become a track athlete at Carlisle has been told by "Pop" Warner, the famous coach. Jim came to the school when he was fifteen. One spring day, clad in dungarees, he was doing duty as a yard bird, cleaning up after the track squad had completed practice for the day. The high jump bar was left at 5 feet 8 inches, the last effort of the team's ace high jumper. Jim looked at it. His look must have been a bit superior, because one of the boys asked him what he was looking at.

"The bar," said Jim. "It don't seem very high."

"Did you ever high jump?"

"Not over a bar," Jim admitted.

"Can you do it?"

"Well, if a horse can do it, I can do it," Jim replied. He talked slowly, his words spaced. He talks that way to this day. His tongue muscles are the only ones which have not developed the speed of champions.

"Well, let's see you try it," he was challenged.

Jim began removing his heavy shoes. At the far end of the field

"Pop" Warner, his eyes everywhere, watched him. He saw the overalled yard bird sailing through the air and clear the bar by at least four inches — a six-foot jump. Warner let out a whoop that nearly sent the Indians hunting for their hatchets and war paint. From that moment on Jim was a member of the Carlisle team.

His first track meet was against Lafayette. He won not only the high jump but four other events. Later, against Harvard and also against Penn State, he won *eight* first places.

Jim was no giant. He stood five feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches and weighed 180 pounds. He was perfectly proportioned and had amazing natural co-ordination. A lazy, easy-going fellow, he never trained, never practiced. But he always won.

It was inevitable that he should win a place on the Olympic team of 1912. The games were held in Stockholm. Jim won both the pentathlon and the decathlon. These were gruelling tests, but Jim took them in his stride. The five events making up the pentathlon were the broad jump, javelin throw, 300-metre run, discus throw and 1500-metre run. The decathlon was tougher. It consisted of the 100-metre dash, broad jump, shot put, high jump, 400-metre run, discus

throw, 110-metre high hurdles, pole vault, javelin throw and 1500-metre run.

No athlete in the history of the games had ever won *both* these events. No one but Jim Thorpe. The King of Sweden in presenting him with a bronze bust said, "You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world." The Czar of Russia presented him with the Viking Cup. He won so many trophies and medals he could have lived off the profits as scrap metal through two world wars, had he been able to hold on to them.

II

He returned to America and hustled into a football uniform. Carlisle was playing West Point, Cornell, Penn State and similar big-time teams. Carlisle beat West Point 27 to 6. The record should read: Thorpe 27, Army 6, because Jim was responsible for every point made by his team. But Jim's greatest personal triumph was the Harvard game of 1911. He kicked four field goals that day. With the score tied and two minutes left to play, Jim stood on his own 48-yard line and place-kicked the ball 52 yards, splitting the Harvard goal posts with the winning field goal. Old timers still contend this was one

of the most dramatic moments in football history.

Thorpe was twice picked by Walter Camp for his All-American football team, and since then he has never been left off of any All-Time All-America. Experts always begin with Thorpe and go on from there.

Though the 1911 Harvard game was Jim's greatest game, it contained the seed of his eventual defeat and disgrace. Bettors had figured Harvard as a sure thing, as Harvard had not only a good team but *three* good teams. Coach Percy Haughton started the third Harvard team, moved up to the second and then threw the fresh first team against the tiring Indians. But Warner had one iron man who played the entire game and never in his entire career of college football had to take time out for fatigue or injuries. That was Jim Thorpe.

Some of the professional bettors, burning because they had guessed wrong, dug deep enough to bring up something on Jim. One of them discovered that Jim had played semi-professional baseball some years before in the south. He passed the tip on to a Boston newspaperman who broke the story — on Jim's head. It was February 7, 1913, right in the middle of the hot stove league's winter session. The story

developed into the juiciest scandal in years.

Jim, like most of the boys at Carlisle, had been sent out to work on a farm during the summer months. The idea was to give them some practice in the agricultural courses they had studied during the winter. Jim was assigned to brush up on his ploughing in the south.

There he ran into a lot of college boys playing "summer baseball," as it was called in those days. The technique was to get a job waiting on table at a summer hotel and then play "amateur" baseball for the glorification of the town, or the hotel, on the side. Other college players played semi-professional baseball in the bush leagues which abounded in those days. But they used assumed names.

Jim, who loved any sport more than he loved farming, was easily lured into the Carolina League. He played at Rocky Mount and Fayetteville. But he knew nothing of the table-waiting technique or the use of a *nom de guerre*. He got from \$15 to \$30 a week, and he played under his own magnificent name: James Francis Thorpe.

You know how the American public runs in packs. The pack was after Jim now. The charge was that he was not an amateur when he

won all those honors in the Olympic games. It came to the attention of the exalted Amateur Athletic Union. James E. Sullivan, the secretary, Gustavus T. Kirby, the president, and Judge Bartow S. Weeks asked Jim to square himself if he could. Jim tried, but this was one field where he could not run without practice. His answer was so amateurish that it should have absolved him of the charge of professionalism. In part his defense read:

On the same teams I played with were several college men from the North who were earning money by ball playing during their vacations and were regarded as amateurs at home. I did not play for the money there was in it, because my property brings me in enough money to live on, but because I like to play ball.

I was not very wise to the ways of the world and did not realize that this was wrong and it made me a professional in track sports. I never realized until now what a big mistake I made by keeping it a secret about my ball playing, and I am sorry I did so. I hope I will be partly excused by the fact that I was simply an Indian school boy and did not know that I was doing wrong because I was doing what I knew several college men had done, except that they did not use their own names.

The exalted Amateur Athletic Union ordered all his medals and trophies returned, barred him from any further amateur competition and shipped the prizes abroad, requesting the international body to

distribute them with America's apologies to those who finished second to Thorpe.

H. K. Wieslander, a Swede, who finished second to Thorpe in the decathlon, received the Thorpe trophies in due course. He proved to be a better sport than the exalted committee. He never even opened the box. He sent it right back to the AAU with this note:

I didn't win the Olympic decathlon. James Thorpe did. I don't know what your rules are in regard to amateurism, but I do know, having competed against him, that Thorpe is the greatest athlete in the world.

T. R. Bie of Norway, who was second to Thorpe in the pentathlon, would not have any traffic with this pious payoff either. He never accepted the medals taken from Thorpe and sent on to him.

III

Stripped of all honors, bewildered, and beaten for the first time in his life, Jim Thorpe became an easy prey to the wolves which had first lured him down the primrose path of professionalism. The two professional sports making the greatest play for him were baseball and football. John McGraw got him for the New York Giants. He saw Thorpe as a great drawing card, but after two or three days was afraid to use

him as a regular because Jim became the demoralizing ideal of all the other ball players.

"Muggsy" McGraw belonged to the fighting, drinking Irish. That is to say, he would tolerate none of these things in anybody else. A lawbreaker himself, he imposed iron discipline on his men. They were supposed to train like commandos, and even .300 hitters had to practice three hours daily. But Jim liked to drink and he liked to loaf. He simply would not practice. He not only refused to exert himself in practice, he soon refused to practice at all. He didn't need to. A few minutes exercise loosened his muscles. After that he conserved all his energy for the game. Even in a game he had the secret of relaxation down to a T.

McGraw wanted his players keyed up and fighting every minute — fighting everybody but him. He couldn't make Thorpe fit into such a groove, so he benched him and later sold him to a minor league club. To explain his move he invented the story that Jim was a sucker for a curve ball. Yet Jim batted .364 in the Eastern League, where the pitchers also threw plenty of curves. Later Jim repaired to professional football. There he startled the sports world by his speed and tricks. The toughest game in

the world, he played it until he was forty-three years old.

In spite of his easy-going ways, Jim could hit an opponent like a ton of bricks. He once encountered an opposing tackle who played dirty and ignored Jim's slow motion warnings to stop it. The next time he tried a dirty trick Jim stopped dead, put the ball down and looked at the tackle. The tackle dived for the ball. To him it was a fumble, a free ball. He picked it up. That put the shoe on the other foot. Jim tackled him so hard it shook the earth. "You mustn't do that to Jim," Thorpe admonished. But the tackle never heard. He was out cold.

On another occasion Thorpe was playing in Ohio. Knute Rockne was playing end against him. Rock, a comparatively little fellow but a fine competitor, was anxious to show what he could do against the greatest athlete who ever lived. He stopped Thorpe a couple of times when Jim was carrying the ball. "You must let Jim run," Thorpe explained gently to the little man.

Rockne didn't get it. This looked to him like one of those "understandings" which creep in and ruin our sports every now and then. In the next play he sidestepped the interference and dived for Jim

again. But this time Rock met the stiffest straight arm in football history. It sent him reeling around like a stumblebum for the rest of the game.

Jim had another great tragedy during these years. His wife was Iva Miller, a girl he knew at Carlisle. They had a daughter, now in the WAAC's, and a son, James Thorpe, Jr. The baby boy was stricken with infantile paralysis, and died. Jim knew no Thorpe would ever win back the medals a world had taken from him.

In 1929 Jim hit out for Hollywood, but that slow way he has of talking was not keyed to the new talkies. He got bits in westerns, but by the depression years he was down to digging ditches. It was there a newspaperman discovered him and rescued him. He has a steady job now. But things are looking up for Jim once more. The Oklahoma Legislature is appealing to the Amateur Athletic Union to put his name back in the record books. Moreover, a bill is being introduced to make him the athletic director of the State of Oklahoma.

Perhaps America will yet give Jim Thorpe a belated even break. He deserves to go down in history as a native son Americans can all ways remember with pride.

BROOK FARM, WILD WEST STYLE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

FOR almost a century intellectuals have been writing and re-writing the story of Brook Farm, a short-lived and tremendously unsuccessful attempt at community living in the town of Roxbury, Massachusetts. One would judge from the reports, moreover, that life at Brook Farm could not have been a great deal of fun. There was constant bickering about the division of tasks, there was worry over needed contributions to support the fancy play-farmers, and the nearest thing to excitement was when Bronson Alcott heaved in for a free meal and delivered a few of his Orphic Sayings.

Twenty-five hundred and thirty miles west of Roxbury, as few crows have flown it, is the community of Home, Washington, where are still many vestiges both spiritual and material of America's sole anarchist colony, in its day the most celebrated or notorious

community in the United States. Life at Home was assuredly never dull. It accepted no contributions, it had no inhibitions whatever, and often it made national headlines. To the good people of Seattle and Tacoma, it was and largely still is a place of smoking bombs and wild sex orgies. Yet for almost half a century Home has successfully fended attacks by incendiary mobs, by the courts, by private detectives, Secret Service agents, and United States marshals. Jay Fox, who has lived there for thirty-five years, says that Home was a sort of Wild West Brook Farm, with overtones of Oneida Community.

Its beginnings were quiet enough. George Allen, University of Toronto, class of '85, and O. A. Verity and F. F. Odell, all of whom had been members of a socialist community, Glennis, which had failed in 1896, were the founding fathers. Building a small boat with their

STEWART H. HOLBROOK, a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY, is one of the country's leading authorities on the history and folklore of the Far West. He is the author of many books, the latest of which is *None More Courageous*. He lives in Seattle, Washington.

own hands, the three men started cruising Puget Sound for a likely spot to build a colony that would be free both from the internal bickerings which had bedeviled all socialist efforts and from the parasites that always attached themselves to "co-operative commonwealths."

On Joe's Bay the three seekers found a primeval spot that looked pretty good — and still does. Tall fir grew down to the very edge of high tide. Ducks swarmed the bay and showed no fear. No man lived here, nor for miles. There were no roads. Twenty-six acres could be had from a bloated capitalist for \$2.50 an acre.

The founding fathers had a total of five dollars, but Allen got a job teaching school and made a down payment. In the spring of 1897 the Allen, Verity and Odell families moved by boat to Joe's Bay and began pioneering. They felled the big trees and erected homes, a monumental task because of the size and heavy growth of the timber; and they organized the Mutual Home Colony Association. This association was as near anarchism as was possible under existing laws. It was organized for the purposes of "obtaining land and to promote better social and moral conditions." A member paid into it a sum equal

to the cost of the land he or she selected, not less than one nor more than two acres to a member, who could then occupy the land indefinitely simply by paying such State taxes as were assessed. Any improvements were personal property and might be sold or mortgaged, but the land itself belonged to the association.

As for a member's personal life, there were no restrictions. You did exactly as you damned well pleased. You might live with one woman, two women, or a harem; or with none at all. This was made clear by the first issues of the *New Era*, a hand-set and hand-printed paper that the founding fathers found time to get out even while stump fires were still smoking in the clearing. Said the *New Era*: "The love principle of our being is a natural one, and to deny it expression is to deny nature."

Well, such ideas were patently bound to bring to the colony an assortment of cranks, malcontents, and plain Don Juans, with the possibility of a Messalina or two. But the early settlers spent most of their time making the colony inhabitable, rather than putting Editor Verity's ideas into effect. They built Liberty Hall, a sort of meeting place and school, of which Founder Allen was the first teacher.

Half a dozen families were soon added to the original three. Then came Charles Govan, a wandering printer, who proposed a new paper for the colony which would take its message to the wide world. He induced James F. Morton, Jr., to leave the staff of *Free Society*, a noted anarchist sheet, and come to Home. Morton (still living) was an honor student at Harvard, class of '92, and also an able pamphleteer. Presently he and Govan brought out a new paper under a masthead that was sheer genius in the matter of titling: *Discontent, Mother of Progress*.

There was more about sex in Home's soon-to-be celebrated paper than there was about economics. A leading piece dealt with "The Rights of Woman in Sexual Relations." They appeared to be many. Another article was "Is 'Sin' Forgivable?" It seemed that it was.

II

The trek of new colonists began at once, some coming from other States, others from foreign lands. Among the latter was Lewis Haiman, a Jewish barber from Lithuania, who married an American girl, took two acres at Home and built a house. He opened a shop — in order to keep members from

looking like the cartoon conception of anarchists, he said — and also served as secretary for the association.

From Portland, Oregon, where they had got into a bad jam editing the *Firebrand*, which the courts held to be "obscene and otherwise unmailable," came Henry Addis and Abner J. Pope. Addis contributed a series of articles to *Discontent* which came out flat-footedly for free love. Although these pieces were later to cause a great deal of trouble, the period of 1897–1900 was very active and peaceful, almost an idyll of colony pioneering. The total population rose to a hundred. Deer flitted in and out of the clearings. Roosters greeted the dawn from stumps. The hens laid famously. Founding Father Allen sat his thirty-odd pupils down on a windfelled fir and taught them that natural laws were the only laws worth minding. They got Kropotkin, Mill, Huxley, and those parts of Henry Thoreau dealing with the necessity for civil disobedience. Truancy from this school was unknown.

What first cast a shadow on this sylvan scene of industrious and intellectual pioneering was an occurrence in far-away Buffalo, New York. There on September 6, 1901, President William McKinley fell

under an assassin's bullet, fired by one Leon Czolgosz, who said he was an anarchist. A wave of hysteria swept the entire country. Socialist speakers and halls everywhere were attacked. Any crank soap-boxer was labeled an anarchist and was either mobbed or arrested, or both. And then, somebody in Tacoma suddenly recalled that only twenty miles away was a whole pack of wild men and women, a veritable nest of vipers, who had never denied being anarchists.

McKinley died on September 14. On that same day an anti-anarchist meeting was held in Tacoma and a "Loyal League" formed by members of the Grand Army of the Republic. They chartered a steamboat, collected firearms and incendiary materials and prepared, three hundred strong, to invade Home Colony and put it to the torch, with murder as a possible incidental.

But not everybody in Tacoma had lost his head. A boat captain who knew the anarchists at Home to be sober and industrious people went to the mob's leaders to dissuade them. So did a church pastor who had lived at Home and found the colonists, in spite of their agnosticism, to be honest, hard-working folks. These brave men stopped what might well have been

a forerunner of the melancholy tragedies perpetrated later in nearby Everett and Centralia.

Home, however, wasn't over its troubles; they were merely beginning. Someone sent copies of *Discontent* to Federal authorities, marking certain contributions by the aforementioned Henry Addis and asking that the paper be barred from the mails. Addis had finally come out whole-hog against marriage, terming it "the lowest form of prostitution." So a United States marshal went over to Home to arrest *Discontent's* editors, packing a gun on each hip and wondering what size bombs he would meet. Hearing the officer was on the way, the colonists met him at the wharf with a delegation of welcome, including little flower girls, took him to one of the homes for an excellent dinner, then made him the guest of honor at a dance in Liberty Hall. The amazed marshal said later that he had never had such a good time or met jollier people.

The editors stood trial and were freed when the judge ordered the jury to sign a directed verdict of acquittal. This was a victory for Home, but the colony soon suffered a great inconvenience when its post office was ordered discontinued. Henceforth Home folks had to get their mail at Lakebay, two

miles distant, as they do today. Another blow came right off: *Discontent*, *Mother of Progress*, was forbidden the mails.

The rumpus called national attention to Home, putting it briefly and luridly on the front pages of New York and other big city newspapers; and the place went into a boom. From Virginia came Henry Dadisman, well-to-do farmer, who bought two hundred acres next to Home Colony and opened it to settlers under the same liberal conditions applying in the colony. A Minnesota widow arrived, built a fine farmhouse and settled down. So did another widow, and charming, too, from Missouri. Families came from Indiana, and during the period 1902-1907 a number of families of Russian Jews arrived to take up colony or Dadisman acres. A new Liberty Hall, much larger than the first, was built. A co-op store was opened, and it still flourishes. When *Discontent* was denied the mails, Editor Morton simply changed the masthead, calling it the *Demonstrator*. The editorial policy changed not one whit.

And now also began the flow and ebb of eccentrics which has continued down almost to the present day and has made Home one of the most entertaining places on all Puget Sound. A fair sample was a

Professor Thompson, who came down the gangplank one afternoon displaying a magnificent beard but the dress and other garments of a woman. Professor Thompson was male enough; brawny and tough, he turned to to help buck up some fuel wood, and that night gave a rousing lecture in Liberty Hall on the need for all to wear women's clothing. More esthetic and comfortable, he said.

From California came the then celebrated Lois Waisbrooker, author of *My Century Plant*, a work that revealed how to free the world from "the disease of sex." She settled down on an acre at Home and with Mattie D. Penshallow, a noted radical of the time, started getting out a paper called *Clothed With the Sun*. This sheet, according to oldtimers, was a humdinger that reported all of the facts of life in no mealy-mouthed manner. Presently a whole delegation of United States marshals swarmed over the colony and carted off the two females. They were indicted for sending out "unmailable" matter, and one was acquitted, the other fined \$100.

The place was now rolling high. Home and its odd residents were good for a story in most any periodical in the country and in all of the daily papers. College professors

came to see and to write learned pieces. The *Independent*, a national magazine of wide circulation, sent a man to Home. He wrote a long and favorable article, in which he said Home was the most sensible and best managed of any such attempts he had known about; it had 170 adult members. Work was exchanged at the rate of fifteen cents an hour. The co-op store was doing well.

Elbert Hubbard, no slouch as a community man himself, came to Home to stay several days and lectured each night to a packed Liberty Hall. He found the colony good and praised it highly. Emma Goldman was a visitor. Moses Harman, the oldtime crusader for many unpopular causes and editor of *Lucifer*, came to recuperate from his several incarcerations in Kansas and Illinois prisons. Spiritualists came, one to remain and set up as a practicing medium. Exponents of various faith cures arrived. So did whoopers-up for Koreshanity, a sort of religion founded by Dr. Cyrus R. Teed, which taught that we inhabit the inside of a hollow ball and that the quickest way to China is straight up into the air. There were other visitors — Groaners, Come-Outers, Pantheists, Free-thinkers, Monists, Quakers, Mormon missionaries.

Harry Kemp showed up to get material for his poems. After Big Bill Hayward was acquitted at Boise, he came to speak at Home and to stay for several weeks. The colony's resident population grew to 260 adults, and there was seldom a time when a dozen or more visiting radicals or eccentrics were not present. The Home paper bragged there were more than 3000 chickens and hens on Home acres and that poultry was bringing an annual income of more than \$3000. Dances and masquerades were held regularly. So were literary evenings, and classes in Esperanto, the "universal language," and in Theosophy.

All of this activity at Home did not go unnoticed around Puget Sound, and stories of horrible sex orgies became current and popular with orthodox Washingtonians. These stories appear to have stemmed largely from editorials in the *Demonstrator* which, it must be said after a study of the files, seldom came out without something on free and quite untrammelled love. The colony itself never had any canons on the desirability or otherwise of free love. That there were in some homes domestic arrangements which had not received benefit of church or state was common knowledge, but they

were neither sanctioned nor condemned.

What is still talked of at Home as The Great Nude Bathing Case occurred in 1910. In that year the colony had split into factions over the subject of land-holding. Some wished to continue the original plan. Others wanted a deed to their own acres. There were some hot meetings in Liberty Hall, but on the whole the matter seems to have been settled with better sense and less rancor than is usual in such cases. It resulted in a survey, after which each member was given a deed to his home acres. The association was dissolved, although the co-op store and Liberty Hall were continued as community enterprises. The store and its low prices may have been a factor in attracting to the colony certain farmers who bought Home acres but had no sympathy with Home's traditional live-and-let-live policy. In any case it was from these Philistines that a complaint came to county authorities, naming names and charging that certain Home anarchists were bathing in the nude, men and women together.

The charges were true enough. The simple Russians who had come to Home many years before brought their samovars with them, and also their custom of mixed nude bath-

ing. It had been going on at Home for years, with no scandal. But now, because of the Philistines, one man and four women were arrested and found guilty as hell on charges of indecent exposure. The trials made front pages in all parts of the country.

III

At this time Home had a new paper, the *Agitator*, edited by Jay Fox, a radical of long experience and considerable ability. He promptly came out with an editorial headed, "The Nudes and the Prudes," which suggested that all lovers of liberty ostracize the persons who had brought the indecent exposure charges. Editor Fox was hauled to jail and charged with "encouraging or advocating disrespect for law." Prosecution introduced "anarchy" into the case and played it to the limit. Fox was convicted, naturally enough, and sentenced to two months in Pierce County jail. On appeal, the State supreme court upheld the conviction.

Meanwhile, the "Jay Fox Free Speech Fight" was becoming a national *cause célèbre* in radical and liberal circles. The Free Speech League, forerunner of the Civil Liberties Union and headed by

such eminent persons as Leonard Abbott, Brand Whitlock and Lincoln Steffens, joined the battle.

Appealed to the United States Supreme Court, the lower court decision was upheld, and Fox gave himself up and went to jail for six weeks, when he was given an unconditional pardon by Governor Lister of Washington. He went back to Home and continued to get out the *Agitator*.

During World War I United States secret agents flowed into and out of Home like the mists on the bay, wearing false beards, old clothes, posing as escaped convicts, as farm laborers, draft dodgers. But Home residents managed to keep out of their clutches.

Home isn't likely to be troubled with subversive activities during the present war. Jay Fox, seventy-three, genial and mellow, is writing his memoirs, which ought to make a rattling good book. His wife Cora presides in a pretty kitchen, and spends her evenings hand-painting and glazing expensive chinaware which is much sought after by well-to-do people of Tacoma and Seattle.

The one remaining Founding Father, George Allen, eighty-two, spends his days in his rocking chair, looking out the window at Joe's Bay and Liberty Hall, the latter

still standing and needing paint. The patriarch at Home is Tom Geeves, 107 years old and as whiskered as any legendary Nihilist, who says he would enlist if he were only a mite younger. "Tried to enlist in the Crimean war," he says, "but they said I was one inch too narrow across the shoulders."

The younger generation, for the most part college graduates, have married and gone away. Many are in the armed forces. The old folks don't seem to mind. What *they* wanted, and I judge what they got, was as much personal freedom as could be had in the current state of society.

The outlander visiting Home today is sure to find it a charming place, physically and socially. These are well-read people; and kind and genial. And when you come across two-acre farmers conversant not only with running water and bathrooms and electric lights, but also with Bentham, Mill and Marx and with Byron, Shelley, Emerson and Thoreau, you know you are not in an orthodox rural community. If that's what anarchy means, then Home is and has been an unqualified success. At least one former farmer, who has known silos and henhouses and haymows, votes in favor of Home and against Matuska and Arthurdale.

► *When to call the doctor and
what to do till he comes:*

BEFORE YOU CALL THE DOCTOR—

BY DONALD B. ARMSTRONG, M.D. AND GRACE T. HALLOCK

WITH the number of physicians available for civilian calls getting smaller—at least one-third have already been absorbed by the armed forces—a more general familiarity with vital elementary health facts becomes increasingly necessary. Prudence demands that at least one member of each family have class training in first aid and home nursing, so as to allay needless anxiety before the doctor comes. But even lay persons without special training ought to know something about symptoms, those deviations from normal health that serve as important signals and warnings.

The compilation of basic information on familiar symptoms which follows clearly is not intended to encourage self-medication. It merely offers that minimum knowledge which may save the physician unnecessary calls and, on occasion, enable him to prescribe therapeutic

action over the telephone until his crowded schedule makes a visit possible.

Fever

Fever is a universal objective sign of trouble. But a person who has a fever, even a slight one, usually acts or feels tired, lacks appetite, and often has a definite complaint like a cold, a sore throat, a stomach upset, a headache, or a backache. Slight fever, with sore throat, loss of appetite, vomiting, restlessness, tight cough, running nose and eyes, is a common early indication of the so-called contagious diseases of childhood.

A good general rule to follow is to take the temperature of any member of the family who looks, acts, or feels unlike his usual self. If his temperature is one degree above 98.6° F., if taken by mouth, or one degree above 99.6° F., if taken by rectum, he has a fever

DONALD B. ARMSTRONG is third vice-president, in charge of the Welfare Division, of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. **GRACE T. HALLOCK** is director of the Welfare Publication Bureau of the same company. Dr. Armstrong and Miss Hallock are co-authors of *What To Do Till the Doctor Comes*.

and that fact should be reported to the doctor. A child with fever should always be put to bed in a room by himself both for his own sake and also to avoid exposing others to contagion in case he is coming down with a communicable disease.

Pain

Pain is a symptom of which the sufferer can give a circumstantial account but which may or may not leave imprints visible to an observer. It may be compared to hearsay evidence which is not admitted in a court of law without concrete evidence to back it up. The layman cannot produce that evidence; the physician in most cases can.

Headache is a pain that may be caused by any one or more of a number of different conditions. Almost everyone has a headache now and then as a result of fatigue or excitement or overindulgence in food or drink or the nasal congestion which accompanies a cold. But there are other headaches which may be the premonitory symptoms of serious acute illness, like meningitis or brain tumor, or some chronic condition like eye strain or nasal sinus infection. Then there are those recurring one-sided headaches known as migraine or

"sick headache" which have been called "the great bugbear of medical practice" because they are so difficult to diagnose and treat. Migraine headache is often inherited and in many cases has proved to be due to an allergic reaction of some kind.

In deciding whether or not to consult a physician for headaches the safest course is to report any unusually severe headache, especially if accompanied by fever, dizziness, or disturbances of vision, and headache that persists or recurs at more or less frequent intervals.

Earache is usually a sign of infection in the middle ear which may result in the formation of a middle-ear abscess (*otitis media*). Middle-ear abscess is usually accompanied by fever, especially in children. Pain in the ear region should always be reported to a physician.

If the ear starts to ache in the middle of the night, or delay in consulting a physician is unavoidable for some other reason, the pain may be relieved temporarily by applying an ice bag or a hot-water bag. A cold application is more helpful than a hot one in most cases. A few drops of warm glycerine dropped into the ear also may help to relieve the pain temporarily.

The spontaneous breaking of the eardrum in *otitis media* usually

gives a dramatic release from pain, particularly in children. However, this occurrence is not a signal that nature may safely be entrusted to handle the situation from then on. Heavy scarring of the eardrum which interferes with hearing, a chronic "running ear," or mastoiditis may be the penalty for neglecting to place a person with a draining ear abscess under a physician's care.

A *sore throat* may be of minor significance or indicate the presence of a serious infection. Very often a cold is ushered in by premonitory scratching or dryness of the throat, and all that the victim can do is to wait and see whether he has an ordinary head cold, which will clear up without medical attention, provided reasonable precautions are taken, or whether he has a "feverish" cold which means going to bed and calling a doctor lest worse befall.

Many or most of the symptoms relate to the throat in two common diseases that affect children — diphtheria and scarlet fever. Scarlet fever is usually associated with a bright red rash, but some people who catch it have developed immunity to the rash-producing toxin of the scarlet fever streptococci. Cases of scarlet fever in which the rash is missing may go unrecog-

nized because the signs and symptoms seem to be only those of a sore throat, tonsillitis, or an acute cold. However, scarlet fever without a rash is just as contagious as scarlet fever with a rash, perhaps more so, because the danger is not recognized and nothing is done to keep the infection from spreading. If someone in the family has a sore throat or an acute cold following exposure to scarlet fever he should be put to bed in a room by himself, and a doctor should be called at once. It may be scarlet fever, even though the typical signs do not appear.

A severe sore throat without rash and without known exposure to scarlet fever may be an infection caused by streptococci which cannot manufacture a rash-producing toxin. A sore throat caused by streptococci of this variety is called septic (streptococcic) sore throat. Streptococcic sore throat is a serious infection which may have complications similar to those resulting from an attack of scarlet fever. That is one important reason why any case of bad sore throat should have medical attention.

Another childhood disease long associated with various kinds of streptococci which attack the throat and upper respiratory passages is rheumatic fever. Although its exact

cause is not known, it has frequently been noticed that it may develop or recur following tonsillitis, scarlet fever, or head colds for which streptococci are often responsible. The sore throat may be mild or severe and then after a latent period of from seven to twenty-eight days rheumatic manifestations may develop. These characteristic manifestations can only be detected by a physician, but fever, fatigability, and failure to gain in weight or loss of weight should suggest to laymen the possibility of rheumatic fever and the necessity for consulting a physician without delay. The disease is dangerous principally because it ranks high as a cause of disabling heart disease.

Sharp pain in the side, chest, or shoulder, accompanied by a shaking chill, fever, rapid panting respiration, cough and sticky rust-colored sputum, in the great majority of cases means that a person has pneumonia. When pneumonia strikes, the difference between a quick recovery and a long, serious, perhaps fatal illness depends upon going to bed and remaining absolutely quiet, getting a doctor — not tomorrow — but at once, and obtaining proper nursing care. The chances of recovery from pneumonia have been tremendously increased in recent years with the use of the new

powerful sulfa drugs. The quicker the physician can administer the appropriate drug (with or without immune serum) the better are the sick person's chances of recovery.

The agonizing pain known as angina pectoris which tends to radiate from the upper chest to the left shoulder and down the arm to the fingers is the type of pain most often associated with heart disease. Attacks are frequently brought on by bodily effort and are usually of short duration — a matter of minutes or seconds. The pain of coronary thrombosis is similar to that of angina pectoris, but the attacks are of longer duration.

Both conditions are caused by interference with the flow of blood through the arteries which supply the heart muscle itself with blood. Any person who has attacks of chest pain, or a feeling of oppression in front of the chest, or marked shortness of breath during or after ordinary exertion should immediately consult a physician. Of course, pain or discomfort of this type can be simulated by gastric or other conditions and does not necessarily mean heart disease — a distinction which only the doctor, with the help of various instruments and tests, can make. If the heart is affected the physician may be able to help the patient plan his

life so that he will enjoy many more years of usefulness. Few people realize the wonderful work they can get from an impaired heart by adjusting its work load with skill and discretion.

Abdominal pain may range all the way from the mild discomfort of indigestion to the griping colic of gall stones or food poisoning. Sometimes a person knows very well why he has a stomachache, as when he has eaten a food that usually disagrees with him or has eaten too much or when he was very tired or emotionally upset. A good rule to follow in case of abdominal pain is to consult a doctor when it is unusually prolonged or severe or is accompanied by nausea or vomiting or recurs at frequent intervals.

Abdominal pain, with nausea or vomiting, is the earliest sign of acute appendicitis. Frequently it starts with generalized pain or pain in the upper part of the abdomen which shortly becomes localized in the lower right side. The pain may be severe and cramplike or it may be a dull ache. Occasionally it may let up, but this does not mean that the attack has passed. Soon after the pain sets in, nausea or vomiting is likely to begin. The temperature usually rises slightly above normal; and the abdomen, especially over

the appendix, becomes increasingly sore.

In case of any unusual or puzzling abdominal pain with nausea or vomiting, the person's life may depend on calling the doctor in the first few hours of the attack. While waiting for him the only thing to do is to lie down and keep as quiet as possible. It is dangerous to take any food or liquids except water and almost suicidal to take a laxative or enema. The action of a laxative increases the pressure in the appendix and may cause it to rupture or "blow out" and spread the infection. An ice bag or a hot-water bottle should not be applied to the site of the pain as doing so obscures the symptoms; also the abdomen should not be rubbed or massaged.

Rashes

Several communicable diseases known as exanthems, from the Greek word meaning eruption, are characterized by a typical rash. That of scarlet fever, for example, consists of little flat red points close together, which appear first on the neck and chest and then cover most of the body. The red spots characteristic of measles collect in large red blotches and usually itch. In the majority of cases of any communicable disease characterized by

a rash, it is quite evident that the victim is ill before the rash appears. In mild cases of the childhood exanthems, however, the rash may break out without previous warning. That is why any child who has an unexplained rash, even though he seems well otherwise, should be isolated and a physician called.

Many skin eruptions are due to contact with an irritating substance of some kind which affects the great majority of people, like poison ivy or poison oak, for example. A skin irritant of this kind is called a primary irritant. It should be "shunned like the plague" it is, whenever possible. Washing thoroughly with soap and water is about the best known way of avoiding poisoning after exposure.

Other substances act as skin-irritants only to persons who are hypersensitive or allergic to them. Skin irritants of this kind are called specific irritants. Some people may be unable to use certain cosmetic preparations, or come in contact with the fuzz of caterpillars, or touch printer's ink, or the scratching surface of a match-box, for example, without "breaking out." Other individuals develop a rash or hives after eating a food or foods to which they are allergic, like strawberries or seafood or eggs or wheat bread.

The "cure" for most allergic skin reactions is to avoid the offending substance if it is known. If it is not known or if it is practically impossible or highly undesirable to avoid it, a physician should be consulted both to determine by tests exactly what the responsible irritant or irritants are and then to take the measures necessary to desensitize the sensitive individual.

Loss of Consciousness

Except for severe bleeding, loss of consciousness seems to be the most alarming of all occurrences to those who, unlike doctors, are not forever perusing that most fundamental of all medical textbooks — experience of the sick. If the events leading up to unconsciousness are known it is usually possible to determine the cause. Loss of consciousness in an elderly person after vigorous exertion or strong emotion, for example, strongly suggests apoplexy; loss of consciousness after a head injury, concussion of the brain or a skull fracture; after prolonged exposure to the direct rays of the sun, a sunstroke. When little or nothing is known of the events leading up to unconsciousness mistakes are frequently made in dealing with the victim until the doctor comes. Skull fracture, apoplexy, and drunkenness especially are often

confused. If a person found unconscious smells of alcohol he should not be treated as a case of common drunkenness unless apoplexy and a head injury have both been ruled out.

If an unconscious person has a flushed face and strong slow pulse, he should be kept lying down with his head and shoulders raised slightly. His head should be moved very gently and kept cool with cold cloths or an ice bag. If vomiting occurs his head should be turned to one side.

An unconscious person with pale face and weak pulse, as in fainting, for example, should be placed in a recumbent position with his head level with or lower than his body and kept comfortably warm with coats or blankets. Smelling salts or a handkerchief wet with a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia may be held under his nose for a second or two at a time if there is no head injury and no bleeding. If a fainting attack lasts for more than two or three minutes a doctor should be called.

Injuries

The obvious advantage of having a member of the family trained in first aid lies in the fact that life-saving measures can be taken without delay, if need be. But the front-

ranking emergencies like severe bleeding, asphyxiation, poison swallowed, broken or crushed bones, and extensive burns, are by no means the only ones that call for first aid. There are all sorts of ways of hurting the human body which may or may not have serious consequences according to the way in which the resulting injuries are cared for. By and large, these so-called minor injuries and conditions — the skinned knees, bruises, nose-bleeds, cinders in the eye, ivy poisonings, scratches, pinpricks, little cuts, blisters, sprains, strains, and all the rest — are the only ones, barring enemy invasion, with which the majority of people in the United States will ever have to deal. Yet knowing how to deal with them properly, knowing when they may be safely handled by a layman and when a doctor's services are needed, may lessen discomfort, shorten the period of disability, even prevent death.

The great majority of injuries which occur in the home are bruises and broken bones due to falls. In a bruise the capillaries in the skin are ruptured and blood oozes into the tissues, but the surface of the skin remains unbroken. Pain and swelling followed later by black and blue marks are the usual signs. Cloths wrung out in cold water or

ice packs help to relieve the pain and swelling.

A person who has had a severe fall or blow should always be examined by a physician even if bruises or strained muscles are the only evidence of damage. This is especially important in cases of bad bumps on the head. Sometimes a person is only knocked unconscious for a moment or two and then says he feels perfectly all right. But the only sane thing to do is to have a doctor make sure there is no evidence of concussion before the victim goes about his business.

Usually it is possible to tell whether a bone has been broken as the result of a fall or blow. The victim may feel or hear the bones snap. He complains of pain and tenderness in the region of the break. He may or may not be able to move the limb. Swelling is either moderate or severe and appears quickly.

There may be deformity caused by the overlapping of the broken ends of the bone, and the broken limb may be shorter or look crooked when compared with its uninjured mate on the other side.

The injured limb should be handled with great care to prevent further damage (for example, to keep a simple fracture from becoming a compound fracture). If it is

necessary to move a person with a fracture for even a short distance, splints long enough to fix the joints above and below the break must be applied. A stiff pillow, folded blanket, magazine, or several layers of newspapers can be used in an emergency.

A severe back injury may involve the spinal column. Wrong handling may result in damage to the spinal cord, thus causing permanent paralysis or death. Pain in the back or neck may be the only symptom. Inability to move the fingers, probably indicates a broken neck. Ability to move the fingers but not the feet and toes, probably indicates a broken back. The victim should not be allowed to sit up or even to lift his head until medical aid arrives.

If the victim of a broken neck must be moved, he should be transported *face upward* on a rigid support like a door or wide board five feet or more in length. If the victim of a broken back must be moved he must be transported *face downward*. In placing the victim in the correct position on the support two or more persons will be needed to move his body with no tilting of the head forward or backward in neck fracture; no bending of the back in fracture of the spine below the neck.



Alas, Poor Yorick!

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Hep-Cat Drama Criticism

Jitterbugs On The Aisle. — The time-honored Broadway objection to local drama criticism is that it is tragically deficient in the theoretically contagious warmth and excitement which sends customers galloping post-haste to the box-office. It is thus that in the last quarter century not more than three or four of the many practitioners of the craft — all of the three or four given to the irradiation of heat of so many Pittsburgh blast furnaces — have been esteemed by Broadway as authentic, A-1, white-headed boys. These three or four were members, respectively, of the Oh-What-A-Genius! school, the Horticulture-and-Hat-Removing school, the Dancing-In-The-Streets-and-Hat-Tossing-In-Air school, and the Glauber's-Salt-or-Self-Purgative school, all closely affiliated.

The first of the tropical quartet was Acton Davies, of the Oh-What-A-Genius! school. When Acton really got going the heat was such that you had to wrap a cold towel around your head to read

him. His especial four-alarm was the late Belasco, and this is a sample of the blaze induced in and exuded by him:

When we take stock of true genius, the kind associated with the names of such immortals as Michelangelo, Mozart and Dostoevski, where can we find a truer, more beautiful and complete development of it than in the superb art of David Belasco's magnificent production of *The Darling of the Gods*? The answer, plainly, is nowhere! It makes your pulse bounce with renewed life and your brain buzz with such visions of grandeur as are rarely the gift to us mortals. It makes you shout for supreme joy, and — seeing it — it is all you can do to keep from rushing up to the nearest stranger on the street and hugging him while you cry out in happiness over such stunning mastery.

Following Davies, came Clayton Hamilton, a member of the Horticulture-and-Hat-Removing school. It was sometimes impossible, reading Clayton, to know whether you were looking at a seed catalogue, a Stetson advertisement, or a theatre review. When he in turn got up full steam, you had to turn on the phonograph for an accompaniment. Let J. M. Barrie come forth with a

play in which little babies were mentioned so much as even once, and Clayton was in there pitching with something like "Art has sprung alive into the world with the music of a million Easter-lilies leaping from the grave and laughing with a silver singing." And as for the hat motif, herewith a typical morsel:

In this particular part [*Boys Will Be Boys*, by Irvin S. Cobb] Harry Beresford reaches greatness; and whenever greatness is achieved, all lovers of the arts should rise to their feet and stand reverently, hats off, with uncovered heads.

Hamilton's successor in the Broadway affection was Alexander Woollcott, a member of the Dancing-In-The-Streets-and-Hat-Tossing-In-Air school. As a street dancer, Alex rivalled Carmen Amaya in her youth, and as a hat-tosser he was the theatre's William Jennings Bryan plus. Let Mrs. Fiske, or Ethel Barrymore, or any one of two or three dozen older actresses appear and, whatever her vehicle, Alex's review would contain enough hoofing in the streets and throwing of his hat into the air to make the Fourteenth of July in old-time Paris look like Black Friday. The dancing in the streets and hat-tossing were also occasionally supplemented by hands-and-knee-crawling, as in the instance of an actor named Jacob Ben-Ami, of

whom Alex rhapsodized, "See him by all means, even if you have to crawl on your very hands and knees to get to the theatre where he is playing!" But when it came to the mimic Elsie Janis, Alex got really hot:

When she danced her moonlight dance
 . . . when she sang her moonlight song
 . . . when, above all, when she stood
 there in the uniform of a French chasseur and sang *Madelon* . . . well, these were great moments not to be forgotten
 . . . All of which is solemnly reported by one who finds it difficult to keep from growing incoherent in the process!

There was no stopping the boy once he started to unbosom himself. "Perhaps," he would write, "it does not choke you up a little when, from some high-walled school-yard, you hear suddenly the shrill clamor of children at recess. If it does not, the play *Five O'Clock* would have no particular call upon your sympathies." Or,

A little of the real flame is in Edward Robinson. You have only to see his performance as Satin [*Night Refuge*] to realize it and to realize, too, how all-compensating is the real fire. Here is a young actor seemingly without an atom of what is feebly called "personal distinction." His speech [and Satan was supposed to be a man of education] is what dear Mrs. Sanders used to call "barbareous." He takes the keynote speech of the play, wherein Satin cries out: "What is truth? Human beings — that's the truth," and devastates it by saying, "Youman beans." Yet he is still worth his weight in gold!

If the late lamented Woolcott may be said to have a successor, it is probably my old friend Burton Rascoe, a member of the Glauber's-Salt-or-Self-Purgative school, with further matriculation in the Great-Stuff school. In the single season that he has substituted on the New York *World-Telegram* for John Mason Brown, in the armed services, Burton has managed to find more great plays and great actors than even Davies, Hamilton and Woolcott in all their combined long and eager careers. In *Flare Path*, *Cry Havoc*, *Harriet*, *The Morning Star*, *The Great Big Doorstep*, *The Moon Vine*, *Sons and Soldiers*, and other such exhibits that have aroused a remarkable lack of enthusiasm elsewhere, Burton has discovered all kinds of rich and notable art. And his tributes to actors ranging from John Philliber, who had a bit in *Mr. Sycamore*, to George Coulouris, whom everybody else thought was pretty bad in *Richard III*, have been so voluptuous that you had to look twice to make certain he wasn't writing about somebody like Lotta Faust.

But the Glauber salt got really working in the case of the movie actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Hearken unto Rascoe:

Let me tell you that on Saturday afternoon I dropped in at the Morosco and

stood in the back to catch a part of *Sons and Soldiers* again. I wanted to see if my first impression of Geraldine Fitzgerald, as she appears in this play, was correct — that she is one of the greatest actresses of our time. I caught her in that party scene in which she is the middle-aged mother getting a little tipsy at the celebration of her son's twenty-fifth birthday. My physical sensations were these: tinglings ran up and down my spine; my heart seemed suddenly to fill up and almost to stop; tears trickled down my cheeks. I was in the presence of perfection, of magic, of beauty. Etc.

It is this general brand of jive criticism that gave birth to movie criticism, with its "epics," "colossals," "supers," "peerless artists," "triumphs," "masterpieces," "director geniuses," and the like. Nevertheless, I somehow still perversely believe, Broadway notwithstanding, that so-called "cold" criticism like Hazlitt's "Miss O'Neill's Lady Teazle appears to us to be a complete failure . . . the only thing that had an air of fashion about her was the feather in her hat," or Shaw's "I think something better could be done with Rejane's talent than this business [*Madame Sans-Gêne*] of playing the washerwoman like a real duchess and the duchess like a stage washerwoman," or, better still, his "Sardou's *Delia Harding* is the worst play I have ever seen; the whole business was so stale, so obviously factitious, so

barrenly inept, that at last the gallery broke out into open derision" — nevertheless, as I say, I somehow still perversely believe that such criticism in the long run helps the theatre a thousandfold more than the kind that sounds less as if it were written by reviewers than blown by Harry James.

* * *

Impression of German Stage Director Art. — A fat woman with a daisy in her hair. * * *

The Contrariness Of The Theatre. — Whereas war books during the last year have made many publishers rich, war plays in the same period have contrariwise made many producers poor. Out of a total of fourteen plays dealing directly with the war, only one has made any money; the rest for the most part have lost a load of it. Of nine others that have dealt with the war somewhat less directly only two have turned a profit. The biggest money-makers, aside from the exceptions noted (*The Eve of St. Mark* in the first category, and *The Skin Of Our Teeth* and *Tomorrow The World* in the second), have been an orthodox comedy about a marriage of convenience (*Without Love*), a light sex comedy (*The Pirate*), a star revival of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, a naughty farce (*The Doughgirls*), a

farce-comedy about a trio of crazy females on Long Island (*Dark Eyes*), a biographical play about Harriet Beecher Stowe (*Harriet*), and a farce-comedy about children (*Kiss And Tell*).

The biggest money-making hold-overs from the previous season or seasons have been a murder melodrama (*Angel Street*), a roughhouse lampoon on murder (*Arsenic And Old Lace*), a comedy about a man's dead wives who return to haunt him (*Blithe Spirit*), a comedy about youngsters (*Junior Miss*), a comedy about family life in the 1880's (*Life With Father*), and a psychological murder play (*Uncle Harry*).

Death in battle seems most often to spell failure at the box-office. What the public apparently prefers, when death figures in the matter at all, is death treated either as farce or comedy, or as part of civilian melodrama. It is a further theatrical idiosyncrasy that in the three war play exceptions noted there is no immediate death. The enormously successful war books, on the other hand, make Woodlawn Cemetery look like a sprained ankle.

* * *

Today The World. — Without lending myself to objectionable levity, it occurs to me that someone might write an amusing travesty of the

play called *Tomorrow The World*. In that play, you will recall, a twelve-year-old boy indoctrinated with the Nazi way of life is introduced into an educated American family and makes a shambles of the household. Convert the Nazi youngster into an American youngster indoctrinated with zoot-suit jazz, comic strips, Hollywood movies, juke-boxes, all-day suckers, the Dodgers, and other such tenets of the democratic way of life, introduce him into an old-fashioned, educated German family, let him practise his tastes and habits on the family with its five or six offspring, and picture the resulting shambles. It might be whimsical.

* * *

Pains. — The old schoolroom saying that genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains calls for revaluation. It is mere talent, rather, which demands that capacity. I have just looked up again the stories of some hundred acknowledged geniuses from Aristophanes to Shakespeare and Bernard Shaw, along with the sculptors, painters and composers, and much of the greatest of their work seems to have been the result of no particular over-assiduity or headaches.

Rubber Plaque Awards. — Now that all the prizes for the best plays, best actors, etc., are in and the Critics' Circle, Pulitzer Committee, Drama League, Theatre Club and the other awarding bodies have retired for the summer to their several favorite spas, it is fitting that stock be taken of the late season's worsts in its various phases and due recognition accorded them. Herewith, accordingly, the recipients of this department's rubber plaques, each plus 500 dollars in German occupation marks:

1. The year's worst play: *The First Million*.
2. The worst musical show: *You'll See Stars*.
3. The worst actor performance: Norman Lloyd, in *Ask My Friend Sandy*.
4. The worst actress performance: Thelma Schnee, in *Cry Havoc*.
5. The worst musical show performer: Carrie Finnell, in *Star and Garter*.
6. The worst stage director: John Kennedy (*The First Million*).
7. The worst scene designer: Cleon Throckmorton (*Across The Board on Tomorrow Morning*).
8. The worst dramatic scene: The twenty-minute opening of *Apology*, in which a woman lecturer expatiated on the origin of man.
9. The worst dramatic revival: *Bird In Hand*.
10. The worst musical show revival: *The Time, The Place, and The Girl*.



DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Brookside

ALL men everywhere have deep in them the feeling — as by a “primary intuition,” in Coleridge’s phrase — that they are somehow in discord with their universe: that by a wrong act their kind has somehow set itself in exile, and has lost a

homeland, and has come to be at odds with the rest of creation’s flowing and organic harmony. And nearly all men everywhere are agreed as to the nature of what caused this disheartening askewness. It was pride. It was the over-



Brookside

Frank Utpatel

exaltation of the private Self and Will. Once, in a dim primal day of far-remembered beatitude, man was a harmonious particle in the flow of things, integral in it as a mouse or a mushroom-spore, in unity with it as a drop of water is in unity with the body of the sea; and then the gift of self-consciousness made possible self-exaltation; and then the Self became the center. And so, in consequence, there came fear (for the cherished self and all its little goods are perishable), and there came uncertainty (for the private judgment can only guess, where aboriginal intuition *knew*), and an enormous loneliness (for the old "animal faith," the old instinctive feeling of being an unre-sisting corpuscle in the limitless *Anima Mundi*, was swept away).

The medicine-men and the metaphysicians, the gurus and shamans and priests and yogis, have all long been in general agreement on this theme, as have plainer men. It is generally assented that there will not be any ending of man's exile, any ending of his wandering in loneliness and error, until, in a ritual act of surrender, he casts off his inflated and infatuated selfness. And how do that? There are a great many techniques proffered. A Christian priest suggests forgetting of the self in reliant devotion

to the greater reality of a Redeemer. A priest in India suggests exercises and disciplines for the overthrowing of the self and the opening of the purged and humble heart to the inflow of *manas*, the ancient illumination of intuition. And many a primitive witch-doctor may do no more complicated a thing than to beat rhythmically upon a drum . . . and beat upon it and beat upon it and beat upon it, until the hearer's thudding blood has swept him into a kind of self-forgetting delirium, and he is no more a Personal Identity but feels himself a merged and pulsing part of the whole systole and diastole of all creation.

These are esoteric attempts, variously esteemed, to accomplish an undoubtedly desirable thing: the forgetting, at least occasionally, of the self and all the self's hot and fussy small preoccupations. They are attempts to lift from man the burden of his self-conscious finitude, and restore him to a trusting and relaxed oneness with those powers and processes that are infinite: the gods or God. But not all of us have a taste for being esoterists. There are surely simpler methods for losing now and then, in healthy vacation, the weary load of identity and ego. One such method, it would seem to a natural-

ist, is extremely simple and at least as efficacious as any ritual prescribed by an oracle. *It is to sit by the side of a brook, on a summer day.*

Any man who rests beside a stream of rushing water is presently metamorphosed, whether he ever heard of Heraclitus or not, into a Heraclitean. He is made to realize, and at a level of realization deeper than the mind, that all is indeed flux. The cutting up of experience into the segmented order called "time" is an illusion. The periphery of personal identity is an illusion; for identity is not a fixed thing, or a limited thing, but, like all else, part of flux and flow. As a man stares into the endless passing waters, he knows all this. He knows that beginning and ending are invented designations for imaginary happenings. In nature, when seen without the customary distorting-glass which human egocentricity provides, there are no beginnings and no endings; there are only circles and cycles and the everlasting continuum which an ancient people excellently symbolized by the image of a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

A watcher by a brookside need not persist very long in his watching — hearing around him the melody of bird-songs and the hum and drone of insects, smelling in his

nostrils the damp sedgy smell that was known also to his "inner ancestors," the primordial lizards, and staring all the while at the water's flowing, flowing, flowing — to be, as the saying goes, "taken out of himself." The hum of midge and gnat becomes, before very long, the hum of spheres. The melody of bird-song catches up the hearer and sweeps him as participant into the general melody of earth. And there is borne away, upon the ever-rushing current of the stream, the tedious concept of the self and the self's separateness. There comes a blurring and dissolving of the boundary of being. And at last, in a magical release which may continue for a minute or an hour, the man beside the brook has escaped entirely his customary prison of identity. He has joined, in a flowing harmony, with processes and cycles of unmeasurable immensity, and has been merged in them, as presently the rushing water of the brook will join and lose itself in the enormous sea.

II

There is a widespread and hearty antipathy to mysticism. It is not surprising that this should be so. Under the label of mysticism there have been promulgated so many

freakish cults, so many obvious fakes and so many evidently sick visions, that the whole subject of mysticism is understandably eyed askance. It all too readily suggests floating trumpets, suspended by unseen wires, and ectoplasmic shapes drifting through a gloom sufficiently dense to conceal the fact that they are made of cheese-cloth. It has an odor of unwholesomeness about it.

It is unfortunate that there should attach this odium to mysticism. For mysticism is a word without a synonym. It must unavoidably be used. Used accurately, it designates a kind of practice, and a kind of experience, as old as our race, and a thing as wholesome as the smell of clover and as natural as the honest sunlight of common day. Mysticism is not mysterious, save in the sense that everything on earth is mysterious, and that we are all (as it is but normal to admit) fragments of a *Mysterium Tremendum* which we do not and cannot comprehend. Mysticism means, aboriginally, only this: the absorption of the self into the unity and oneness of all things. It means the quieting and putting aside of the personal ego — the little prejudiced guessworks of the private mind, the little wayward gestures of the private will — in free recep-

tivity to the sensed indwelling of that unnameable Wisdom which also pervades a selfless tree, a will-less spore, a migrant oriole winging with unrealizing sureness to its winter place in the south.

That is all there is to mysticism. It is a quite natural thing, and a helping and steadying thing, and indeed it is a down-to-earth thing. We are all animals. We are all, in an accurate sense, vegetations and minerals. We are so much carbon and air and water; and thereby are brother to woodchucks and cousin to lichens and second cousin to the tansy that yellows the meadow. Creation is one stuff. All of it is an organic whole, a oneness, a totality to which each creaturely part is as a corpuscle to a bloodstream or a flowing sap-drop to the immense enclosing entity of a maple-tree.

A bird is innerly moved to sing, it knows not why. A stump is actuated by inscrutable chemistry to turn to dust; and this it must do, not of its willing. A power sweeps and swings the stars; a force drives luna moths to light; in a rhythmic flux the tides are impelled to rise and to recede. The whole huge rhythm, the whole pulsing and cycling, the whole tumultuous but measured dance, is all one unity. And we are part of it. What stirs the tide stirs us also, if we are re-

ceptive. What urges the animal and bird and plant is also urgent in ourselves, if we are open to feel it. We too are parts of the whole, as lichens are. We too, like fox and bat, can be moved, if we surrender ourselves, by a deep-knowing older and stronger and surer than any reckoning that ever came from a private skull. We can, with relaxed mind and open heart, know the peace and strength of mergeance into the limitless flux and the limitless harmony that are forever.

And so it is good to sit by a brookside on a summer day. There is the rustle of grasses and of leaves, and there is that cool smell of damp vegetations and oozy mud which cannot fail to ensorcerize us in whose veins still runs the hereditary blood of the ichthyosaurus. On the rim of awareness, perhaps, there is the song of birds; and omnipresently there are the droning lesser songs of gnats and bees and flies and cicadas, making their drowsy musics under the hot sun. There is a glint on the water, a glint and shimmer that is incessantly vanishing and incessantly renewing, symbolically of all things everywhere. And there is the sound of the water, and the flow of it . . . a lapping and gurgling and murmuring that never stop, a flow-

ing onward and onward and away and away.

And presently, when a man has watched and listened for a while, he is abruptly made to realize that time has fled by, without his knowing it, and that he has been somehow, magically, outside the confinement of himself, and that he has travelled to some very far and very lovely place, as in a secret homecoming. He has had, willy-nilly, the experience called mystical. No shaded room, no candles, no gongs, no turban. Just a human organism relaxed for a minute or an hour into the simple sense of oneness that is as natural as the sun.

Yes, it is good to rest by a brookside. But it can have its practical disadvantages. There had been an intention of presenting, in this place this month, a treatise on caddis-flies. To write it, it was necessary to go to a nearby brook that cleaves a tansy-bright and clover-fragrant meadow, and it was necessary to stare down into the rushing current where the pupacases of the caddis-worms are attached to the mossy stones. The staring began as a study, but . . . well . . . a brookside is a place that casts a spell. The caddis-flies will have to wait until some other month.

THE LIBRARY

In the American Grain

BY PHILIP RAHV

LITERARY anthologies are rather dull affairs as a rule. But it is chiefly the people in charge of such projects who are at fault. They are mostly university men nursing academic careers and hence in no position to violate official canons, or else professional anthologists with excellent connections in the publishing business but with no real qualifications for the job. For once, however, an anthology has appeared — and of American critical writing at that — which is truly expressive of the native literary genius. *The Shock of Recognition*¹ is a selection that satisfies our imaginative needs no less than our need for sheer information. Its editor, Edmund Wilson, is a critic of independent judgment and of the finest sensibility. His highly developed instinct for the literary object

is shown both in his choice of items and in his brilliantly devised introductory notes. And at this time, when we are experiencing something of a boom in all forms of Americana, this anthology might well serve as a springboard for a revaluation of our creative history.

Mr. Wilson has ordered his selections according to a unique plan. For one thing, he has kept out the work of professional critics, his idea being to present the progress of our literature as recorded “by those who had some part in creating it.” This allows for the inclusion of the most varied types of material — essays, monographs, memoirs, journals, letters, satires, dialogues, poems — all exhibiting the effect of our first-rate literary figures on one another. The entries begin with Lowell’s essay on Poe (1845) and end with Sherwood Anderson’s letters to Van Wyck Brooks.

¹ Edited by Edmund Wilson. \$5.00. Doubleday, Doran.

PHILIP RAHV, who has contributed reviews and literary criticism to the Nation, the New Republic, the Southern Review and other periodicals, will shortly publish a critical work entitled *The Figure in the Carpet*.

Of particular value are several pieces heretofore not readily available to the general reader. One such piece is John Jay Chapman's superb essay on Emerson; another is T. S. Eliot's appraisal of Henry James. There are also several entries by writers outside the native fold, such as H. G. Wells and D. H. Lawrence, whose comment reflects at first hand the influence exerted by the new-world books on the old-world mind. And what one likes especially about Mr. Wilson's editorial slant is his exclusion of fragments and excerpts. Thus he reprints the whole both of James' study of Hawthorne and D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Dissimilar as they are, these two works seem to me to penetrate more deeply into the secret passages of the American imagination than any other works of their kind.

James's *Hawthorne* is surely the most beautifully composed piece of critical writing in our literature; it is also one of the finest by any other standards. As for Lawrence, it is true that his *Studies* contain some rash and even irresponsible statements. Lawrence was a considerable artist and critic, but he was also a salvationist of the most frantic type obsessed by certain notions which he could not help

expounding on any and all occasions. There is no denying, however, that his analysis of the American psyche is of an extraordinary acuteness. His insights reach to the very core of those perennial problems by which our more conscious artists have been mystified for more than a century now. Compare what he had to say to what has been said in the many recent works on the same subject, and you will see how far ahead he was.

Of late years not a few of our critics have taken to displaying a newly-found enthusiasm for the national letters. Generally speaking, our intellectuals are at present flocking to the back-to-America movement as impetuously as they once flocked to movements imported from Paris, Moscow and other foreign centres. Which is all to the good perhaps, except for the one crucial fact that this new movement is almost wholly inspired by the war-time emergency. Hence it is much too promiscuous in its allegiances and much too avid in its search for emotional security and cozy certainties to be effective in creating the cultural conditions favorable to the growth of the arts.

Lawrence's vision took in exactly what the professors of American literature avert their eyes from. He grasped the radical differ-

ence between American and European writing — a difference far greater than most people think and which is of a psychic not merely of a social or political nature. "It is hard to hear a new voice," he observed, "as hard as it is to listen to a new language; and there is a new voice in the old American classics." This different feeling originated in the shift from the old-world psyche to something new. Lawrence called it a displacement, adding that "displacements hurt. This hurts. So we try to tie it up, like a cut finger, to put a rag round it."

The world has generally declined to listen to this new voice, preferring to believe that the old American books are chiefly children's tales — charming in a way but essentially quite boring. Lawrence was the first, too, to perceive clearly the split in the great American authors of the early nineteenth century:

On top as nice as pie, goody-goody and lovey-dovey. Like Hawthorne being such a blue-eyed darling, and Longfellow and the rest such sucking doves. . . . Look at the inner meaning of their art and see what demons they were.

This sounds melodramatic, to be sure, but I am convinced he is far more accurate in his estimate of Hawthorne, for instance, than the

biographers and critics who almost to a man take the traditional view of Hawthorne as a rare and shrinking soul, a graceful writer ridden by a sense of sin but otherwise quite harmless. No wonder he is so little read nowadays. Actually his work is a buried treasure. And despite the efforts of James and Lawrence, the job of recovering it still remains unfinished.

II

Credit is also due to Lawrence for rehabilitating the reputation of Fenimore Cooper, who had virtually been surrendered to juvenile readers with a taste for adventures of the flight-and-pursuit variety. Lawrence was the first modern critic to read Cooper seriously. He saw through the shoddy technique and wretched style of Cooper's Leatherstocking novels to their underlying myth of the wilderness. And the hero of this myth appeared to him as the authentic white American of the initial epochs of our history — a saint with a gun, a man "hard isolate, stoic, and a killer . . . wrestling with the spirit of the forest and the American wild as a hermit wrestles with God and Satan."

Lawrence's approach to Whitman, on the other hand, seems to

me altogether false. Here he joins forces, willy-nilly, with such zealous of the orthodox tradition as T. S. Eliot and his disciples, who wish to cast Whitman into the outer darkness. They object to him on artistic grounds, but I think their hostility is mainly aroused by Whitman's exaltation of democracy as well as other secular and typically modern ideas. Their tendency is to run down all writers whose major beliefs are derived from science rather than from religion and who thus put no particular emphasis on the evil in human nature. Now the truth is, of course, that Whitman's observation of life was one-sided. His eye seldom paused on the deep scars that disfigure the human image. But his other qualities are so grand as to compensate for his one-sidedness. Moreover, the depreciation of Whitman is not without its element of intellectual and even plain social snobbery. One catches an early echo of this snobbery in Charles Eliot Norton's witty remark of 1855 that Whitman combines the characteristics of a "Concord philosopher with those of a New York fireman." Norton's sally is good-humored and quite apt in its way. The latterday Nortons, however, are inclined to show their teeth.

One only has to read Whitman's

magnificent letter to Emerson in the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* (the letter is included in this volume) in order to be reminded of his seminal importance in our creative life. "Master," he wrote, "I am a man of perfect faith." Emerson and Thoreau were scarcely of a temper to approve of the bohemian note in Whitman's personality; they were shocked by his sexual candor; yet to their eternal honor it must be said that they did not hesitate to recognize his genius. Thoreau declared that though *Leaves of Grass* is "rude and sometimes ineffectual, it is a great primitive poem—an alarum or trumpet-note ringing through the American camp." This judgment is historically unimpeachable, I believe.

Whitman stood for the wholesale rejection of the European tradition, proclaiming that a new life is taking shape on this continent—"stormily, on native principles, with such vast proportions of parts! As for me, I love screaming, wrestling, boiling-hot days." He enjoined his countrymen to "strangle the singers who will not sing you loud and strong. Call for new great masters to comprehend new arts, new perfections, new wants. . . . Then you will have true heirs, begotten of yourself, blooded with

your own blood." This is patently a romantic demand. But to say that is not enough. What is significant is that Whitman created one of the most splendid visions of human optimism, expressing the New World's faith in itself, in its origins and in its future. Whether Whitman's grandiose expectations were fulfilled or likely to be fulfilled is not the real issue. Was Dante's vision fulfilled, or that of any other great poem or religious testament? The test of such visions is in their power, their imaginative reality, and relevance to human affairs.

III

From another point of view, however, it can be seen that the controversy over Whitman, which has continued since the first appearance of his poems, is really part and parcel of the struggle in our literature between its highbrow and lowbrow types, as Van Wyck Brooks initially characterized them in one of his early studies. But highbrow and lowbrow are much too general and popular terms to specify exactly what is meant. I prefer a more indigenous nomenclature, and some years ago I had occasion to name these polar types *redskin* and *paleface*.

No country save America displays such a dual development of the literary character. The differences crop up in every sphere. Thus while redskins like Whitman and Mark Twain and Thomas Wolfe glory in their Americanism, to palefaces like Henry James and Henry Adams it is a source of endless ambiguities. The paleface is the spiritual heir of old New England, and tends toward a refined aloofness from reality. He is capable of exquisite moral feelings, but at his lower levels he has nothing but his gentility and snobbery to fall back on. The redskin is at his best in expressing the vitality and aspirations of the people. He has natural power but little moral consciousness. And at his worst, combining personal aggressiveness with social conformity, he turns into a vulgar anti-intellectual who is in constant danger of reverting to the crudest forms of frontier psychology.

In this connection Mr. Wilson's opinion is worth noting that this situation was actually coming to an end at the very time (1915) when Brooks first analyzed it. I think Mr. Wilson is mistaken. The cleavage in American literature is a kind of cultural schizophrenia. It has lasted for a long time now, and, if anything, has gotten worse in the

past decade. On the one hand we have types like Sandburg, Masters, Lewis, Caldwell, Steinbeck, Saroyan, and even Hemingway in most of his moods. Differ as they may among themselves, these writers obviously belong to the redskin classification; and on the other hand we have a number of high-brow writers who look to T. S. Eliot or to some European masters for leadership. There is not even an approximate meeting of mind between these groups. Of course, there are also quite a few authors of divided loyalty, like John Dos Passos, who has tried hard to pass himself off as a redskin to the wigwam born but who inwardly remains a paleface.

Finally, a last word about Mr. Wilson's choice of items for his anthology. Not all of them are quite so well chosen as those I have discussed. For my part, I could have done without Bayard Taylor's antediluvian *Diversions from the Echo Club*, or, for that matter, Amy Lowell's more modern but equally tedious report on her contemporaries. Such dreary stuff might have been replaced by one of Randolph Bourne's examinations of the American scene; or perhaps by Brooks's chapter on "Our Poets" from his *America's Coming of Age* — a chapter that proved immensely influ-

ential in shaping the attitude of a whole generation — the generation of the 1920's — to the national classics. Surely neither Bourne nor Brooks are professional critics — no more than Mencken, in any case, for whose historically important essay on Dreiser Mr. Wilson finds room. Bourne ranged far afield, and Brooks has shown little critical talent on the formal or technical side. Despite his gift for recreating the past through impressions and images, he is at bottom a moralist who has taken American culture for his text.

Our Foreign Policy

BY SIDNEY B. FAY

Professor of History at Harvard

OVER four centuries ago Machiavelli, in a very remarkable little book, laid down the principles which the Prince should follow in order to be successful. Mr. Lippmann likewise has written a remarkable little book,² which by cogent argument and shrewd insight reaches certain principles which the United States should follow if our foreign policy in the future is to avoid Pearl Harbors and World Wars. His clarity and brevity, his experienced observation and his realistic horse sense

² U. S. Foreign Policy. \$1.50. Little, Brown.

make one think of the great sixteenth century commentator on current events. This is high praise and is intended as such. Of course, his political maxims differ from those of his illustrious predecessor, because Renaissance Italy differed greatly from our global age.

With more humility than Machiavelli, Mr. Lippmann disarms captious criticism at the outset. He admits that he has often gone astray in his prognostications, and that the reader must not expect him to be consistent with what he has written in the past.

His first principle is unassailable. A nation can be said to have a sound foreign policy only when its commitments and its power have been brought into balance. "The constant preoccupation of the true statesman is to achieve and maintain this balance. Having determined the foreign commitments which are vitally necessary to his people, he will never rest until he has mustered the force to cover them."

If this first principle is observed, the nation is solvent. But if commitments exceed the means of covering them (whether armies, natural resources or allies), the nation is insolvent. It will be disastrously involved in great wars and possibly suffer defeat.

Surveying our history, Mr. Lippmann finds that from 1815 to 1898 we generally observed this first principle — and kept out of major foreign wars. To be sure, we assumed a momentous commitment in proclaiming the Monroe Doctrine in 1823. But it was preceded by negotiations with Caning that established, as Monroe believed, "a concert by agreement" between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers. He wisely consulted Jefferson and Madison, and they confirmed him in his belief. For seventy-five years the power of the British navy stood behind the Monroe Doctrine. So far, so good — except that we were lulled into a false sense of security and so became blissfully oblivious of the fundamental first principle.

Since the Spanish-American War we have not been solvent. We then assumed great commitments in Cuba and the Philippines. On top of these we committed ourselves to the maintenance of China's territorial integrity and independence and the Open Door in the Far East. We enormously extended the area and interests we undertook to defend without any corresponding increase in our powers of defense. At the same time Japan was rising to menacing strength, and the British navy could no longer be

depended upon in the Atlantic and Far Eastern waters because much of it had to be kept at home to face the growing German navy.

Consequently, since 1900, our commitments have been disastrously out of balance with our power. Most of us, with the best of good-will, optimistic ideals, and three-quarters of a century of security behind us, did not realize the pitfalls of the new situation. We neither built up our military power nor made sure of friends who would help us. We were isolated and blindly isolationist.

Thus, the security which Monroe had been able to achieve by diplomacy, Wilson and Roosevelt were unable to accomplish without engaging in two terrific world wars. We won the first, and are confident of winning the second, because in the nick of time we found adequate allies. "But our luck might not hold. Our improvisations at the eleventh hour might the next time be too little and too late," unless we clarify our minds and unitedly agree upon and adopt a sound foreign policy now.

To discover what this policy should be, Mr. Lippmann rightly analyzes in detail what are our vital interests, both politically and strategically. He then examines how they can be safeguarded. He con-

cludes that we must form a "nuclear alliance" with Britain and Russia. Small powers may feel hurt that in his main discussion he says almost nothing about their rights and interests. But the small powers will be somewhat reassured if they withhold their wrath until they read his final pages. Here they will find that Mr. Lippmann insists that the nuclear alliance must respect the liberties and justifiable rights of all nations, or else the alliance will inevitably fall apart.

II

If we agree with Mr. Lippmann's penetrating argument and act accordingly, "we shall be capable again of forming an American foreign policy. We shall no longer be, as we have been for nearly fifty years, without a foreign policy which takes account of our interests. We need no longer to be divided because the national interest upon which we must unite will have been made evident to us. We shall no longer exhort mankind to build castles in the air while we build our defenses on the sand."

With the essence of his argument the reviewer does agree. Only instead of a "nuclear alliance" we should prefer a "nuclear understanding" continuing into peace

the present cooperation in war, or a nuclear "concert by agreement," to use Monroe's phrase. An entente or understanding based on mutual self-interest may often prove more durable and wise than a hard and fast alliance. The entente between Britain and France from 1906 to 1914, which Mr. Lippmann seems erroneously to call an "alliance" (p. 115), was more effective than Italy's supposedly hard and fast alliance with the Central Powers. Wilsonian idealists may find it hard to swallow his chapter on "Mirages," where he discusses "peace," "disarmament," "no entangling alliances" and "collective security." Isolationists will at first balk at the suggestion of a nuclear alliance. But both groups will find this volume most wholesome reading which they cannot afford to overlook. It also ought to be put into the hands of all our armed forces. It will help unite the nation for peace as well as for war.



BALKAN FIREBRAND, by Kosta Todorov. \$3.50. *Ziff-Davis*. For the quintessence of Balkan politics — its violence, its bizarre counterpoint of intrigue and idealism — read this amazing autobiography. In his fifty-four

years Todorov, who is the exiled leader of the Bulgarian Peasant Party, has crowded several lifetimes of action as Terrorist, Soldier, Statesman and Exile. (His own classification of his careers.) This reviewer met him first in the least exciting phase of the Exile part of the story: when Todorov was keeping alive by running a pastry shop on West 72nd Street, New York. But not even the incongruous rôle of pastry impresario could conceal the dynamic personality. And sure enough, Todorov was soon off to the Near East as head of the Free Bulgarian Committee.

Although it is of a totally different calibre, the book reminds one of Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night* for sheer abundance of political adventure. Todorov has been deeply involved in European affairs since he was sixteen. Political highjinks, including assassinations and narrow escapes from death, were a kind of family calling that he continued without abatement. The piled-up excitements have not impaired his health or his appetite for more. His name and story are a legend in Bulgaria, and one may safely foresee him in a position of influence in the reorganized postwar Balkans.

E. L.

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE, by Edgar M. Queeny. \$2.00. *Scribner's*. Capitalists who "talk back" to the apostles of collectivism are rare enough. That alone entitles this little book by the head of the Monsanto Chemical Company to a careful hearing. His claim to attention is reinforced by the fact that he does not offer a mere whitewash of capitalist enterprise. He concedes mistakes and challenges businessmen to clean house and restore the "classic conception" of free enterprise, with particular reference to true and unabridged competition.

Mr. Queeny accepts the works of Thorstein Veblen as the typical expression of the collectivist ideology and in effect debates the Veblen thesis chapter after chapter. Though not too impressive on his theoretical arguments, he scores vigorously in the concrete presentation of the achievements of free enterprise, particularly in its American forms. As

proof that some young American business leaders are thinking hard and thinking straight about the world we live in, this book is significant over and above its contents.

A FIVE-YEAR PEACE PLAN, by Edward J. Byng. \$2.00. *Coward-McCann*. There has been much discussion of a "protracted armistice" or cooling-off period before the formulation of peace treaties is attempted this time. A specific and exceedingly detailed schedule for a five-year pre-peace-treaty period beginning with the end of hostilities is outlined by Dr. Byng in this stimulating little book. The author is no Utopian, nor even markedly optimistic. His ideas of gradual pacification and reconstruction assume that the old Adam will have shed none of his self-interests and greeds during the current catastrophe.

ANCIENT RUSSIA, by George Vernadsky. \$5.00. *Yale*. This is the first of a projected ten-volume history of Russia by Professors Vernadsky of Yale and Michael Karpovich of Harvard. The Yale professor's share will consist of six volumes, carrying the history to the eighteenth century, where the Harvard professor will carry on for four volumes more. If the first volume is any indication, the completed task will represent the most thorough piece of scholarship on the subject in any country, including Russia itself. In this book the story is traced from prehistoric times to the capture of Kiev by Oleg in 878 A. D.

THE UNKNOWN ARMY: The Nature and History of the Russian Military Forces, by Nikolaus Basseches. \$2.50. *Viking*. Nearly everybody had underestimated the Red Army's power of resistance. Certainly Hitler did; and, judging from their frenzied appeasement efforts, the Soviet leaders themselves may have. This book by a former Moscow correspondent — an Austrian born and bred in Russia — is sober, factual, and wholesome in its emphasis on the Russian peasant who makes up the armed might of Russia. Basseches in this volume is neither "for" nor

"against" Stalin. He is "for" a balanced understanding of the elements that make the Red forces strong, from their historical heritage and their age-old fighting capacity to the extra impetus imparted by Soviet propaganda.

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE, by Manley O. Hudson. \$7.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Hudson has been the Bemis professor of international law at the Harvard Law School for more than twenty years, since 1933 he has been a member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and since 1936 a judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice. His present volume forms the most complete and up-to-date treatise on the Permanent Court of International Justice in the English language. Its documentation is monumental.

THE GOEBELLS EXPERIMENT, by Derrick Sington and Arthur Weidenfeld. \$3.00. *Yale*. An ably written and thorough study of the Nazi propaganda machine from its earliest beginnings in July, 1918, before the end of the last war. The authors discuss every phase of the machine from the press to the cinema to the popular song.

TRAIL TO LIGHT, by Robert P. Parsons. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. A somewhat over-written yet fairly complete life of Dr. Joseph Goldberger (1874-1929), one of the truly great and romantic figures in the history of world medicine. A Hungarian Jew who spent all his mature years in the United States, he performed almost miraculous work in the control of pellagra, dengue, yellow fever and a half dozen other diseases.

JEWS IN AMERICAN WARS, by J. George Fredman and Louis A. Falk. 75 cents, paper bound; \$1.25, cloth edition. *Jewish War Veterans of the United States, N. Y.* A brief yet remarkably inclusive review of the contribution made by Jews in the armed forces of the United States from Revolutionary times down to the present. In addition to general surveys

of each war, there are short biographical sketches of outstanding Jewish heroes.

DICTIONARY OF WORLD LITERATURE, edited by Joseph T. Shipley. \$7.50. *The Philosophical Library*, N. Y. As a survey of all the literary forms and techniques, including fiction, criticism, poetry and drama, this compendium probably has no equal in any language and is indispensable to all colleges, libraries, magazine and newspaper offices, and individuals professionally occupied with literature. The entries are written with clarity and succinctness.

SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED, by Hermann Hagedorn. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. A brief but excellent biography of the nineteen-year-old American flier in the Royal Air Force, John Gillespie Magee, Jr., who wrote the memorable sonnet, "High Flight," shortly before he was killed in an airplane accident. Mr. Hagedorn makes copious use of the young pilot's letters and earlier poems.

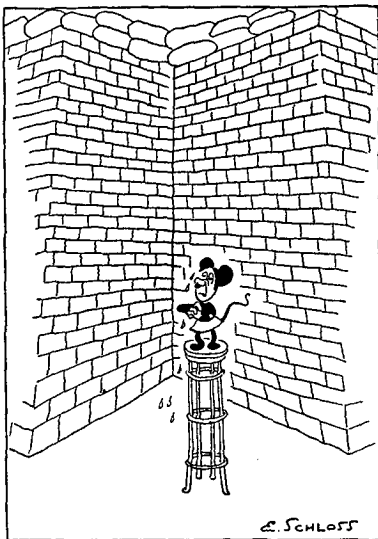
WAR SONGS, by Struthers Burt. \$1.25. *Scribner's*. A collection of eighteen ballads on America's part in World War II. There is not much real poetry in them, but they are vigorous and sweeping and should inspire popular song writers.

THE WORLD AT MY FINGER TIPS, by Karsten Ohnstad. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Mr. Ohnstad, who is now thirty, has been blind for thirteen years, and in this book tells how he adjusted himself to his new world. It is replete with humor, good sense, and almost incredible courage. His present volume proves that he can write far better than many a seeing professional.

THE BEASTS OF THE EARTH, by Georg M. Karst. \$2.50. *Albert Unger*. The author, who was a prominent official and journalist in pre-Hitler Austria, relates his experiences in the Dachau concentration camp. His basic story, by this time, is not new, but it has value as offering additional evidence of the



Outside



Inside

FORTRESS EUROPE

IDEAS UNLIMITED



The WPB order limiting paper for magazines necessitates sharp reductions in the printings of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Fewer copies will be available and each issue, though it will have the same number of pages, may appear somewhat lighter and thinner.

WHAT is more important, there will be no slackening in the variety and forcefulness of its ideas. For that is what makes the MERCURY the preferred magazine of the thinking people of America — the men and women who are helping to *shape* America's destiny, not just trying to *follow* her progress.

We urge you to leave a standing order with your newsdealer, or use the coupon below

Send me THE AMERICAN MERCURY for ☐ 2 years at \$5.00 ☐ 1 year at \$3.00. I enclose remittance herewith.

Name

Address

City No.

State

AM 8-43

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

570 Lexington Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Nazi terror, and it is also written with unusual common effectiveness. There is an introduction by President George N. Shuster of Hunter College.

THE TRAGIC CAREER OF COMMODORE JAMES BARRON, by Paul Ballou Watson. \$1.50. Coward-McCann. In 1807 the U.S.S. *Chesapeake*, Commodore Barron commanding, was fired upon by the British frigate *Leopold*, and immediately there began a persecution of him by officers in the United States Navy, that resulted in his suspension for five years, a duel with Decatur, in which the latter was killed, and, in 1824, the complete exoneration of the Commodore, who was made head of the Navy Yard in Philadelphia. It was one of the most celebrated cases in American naval history, and Mr. Watson tells it simply and fully.

RELIGIOUS CROSSROADS, by Rabbi A. Tsanoff. \$3.75. Dutton. An excellent popular handbook on the latest and best thinking in religious psychology, history, and criticism. Dr. Tsanoff, who is professor of philosophy at the Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, writes with great clarity and persuasiveness.

ANTHOLOGIES

THIS IS MY BEST, edited by Whit Burnett. \$3.50. Dial Press. Most of the contemporaries of literary mark you have ever heard of, and a few you may not have, select their own "best" piece. Such a book should have a special interest but, as heretofore with this kind of compilation, few of the authors can bear to stamp anything as their best and most shuffle in with some different reason for the selection. On other grounds, a rich and entertaining big book.

AMERICAN HARVEST, edited by Allen Tate and John Peale Bishop. \$3.50. L. B. Fischer. Tate and Bishop here attempt to select the best U. S. writers of the past twenty years and to skim the cream off all of them. The usual arguments over inclusions and omissions are in order, but the selection is various and catholic. The biographical and

ibliographical notes are frequently incomplete and careless; one of Mr. Bishop's own books is wrongly titled.

FICTION

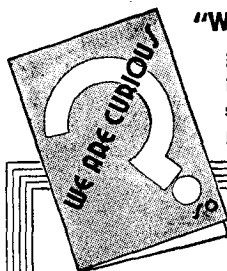
BETWEEN THE DARK AND DAY-LIGHT, by Nancy Hale. \$2.50. *Scribner's*. Twenty-one short stories about children and women. Miss Hale is more successful with her tales about children; "The Six-Fifteen," for example, is an excellent tale of a daughter-father relationship. When she writes about women in the toils of confused love, she inclines to be thin, wordy, and sloppy — in the manner of the fiction in the popular women's magazines. Her most ambitious story of this sort, "That Woman," which occupies about twenty-five pages, could easily be told in half that space.

THE LIGHTS AROUND THE SHORE, by Jerome Weidman. \$2.50. *Simon & Schuster*. Pete and his Aunt Fina make a trip to Europe in the summer of 1939 ostensibly to visit his grandparents. Pete is mystified by the whole expedition and so will you be. The characters are considerably more human than we are accustomed to from Mr. Weidman, but unfortunately that is about all that can be said for the book.

THREE OF A KIND, by James M. Cain. \$2.75. *Knopf*. Three short novels in the hard-boiled style, two of which you may have seen in the movies. The usual polished Cain pulp.

DONOVAN'S BRAIN, by Curt Siodmak. \$2.00. *Knopf*. A doctor steals the brain of a dying millionaire. The brain lives and grows until it finally controls the doctor. Enough horror to chill the reader.

THE GREEN CIRCLE, by Chris Massie. \$2.50. *Random House*. The story of a brilliant madman and his analysis by the doctor. Plenty of suspense and horror thrown in for good measure.



"WE ARE CURIOUS"

is a questionnaire placed in Roosevelt rooms. Responses enable us to improve our service.

'I like the Roosevelt for its friendly services without any pretentiousness —'

is the answer we get most often

ROOMS WITH BATH FROM \$4.50

25% Reduction on Room Rates to Members of the Armed Forces.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVE. AT 45th ST., NEW YORK

BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

IF YOUR *Mercury* ARRIVES LATE

please remember that transportation and deliveries are rather uncertain in wartime. ● The Mercury leaves the plant in what would ordinarily be plenty of time to reach you on or before publication date. But conditions beyond our control may delay its delivery.



In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN TEN MORE MINUTES they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

* * *

Write to this magazine for a free booklet; "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now.

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America



with Literary Guild Membership — NANCY HALE'S sensational best-selling novel "THE PRODIGAL WOMEN"

(Continued from other side of this cover)

Maizie who marries first. Her marriage to Lambert genetic, profane, philandering artist, becomes a hell from which she cannot cut herself loose, even t threatens her sanity and her life. Leda, deter- and ambitious, walks open-eyed into a loveless ge with a wealthy and socially prominent young physician. Shocking to her, as the years go by, is zation that she wants Maizie's husband with a she never knew before. And Betsy, the youngest,

carefree and loving a good time, is first snared by the danc- ing feet of the erotic, jazz-mad Oren Garth. After the heart- break of this affair, she meets Hector Connolly, tempestu- ous, brooding, New York journalist, and with him achieves a kind of earthy happiness that is denied the other girls.

"The Prodigal Women" cuts deep into the hu- man heart. Its characters are living, breathing per- sonalities, whose every action and word you will follow with breathless suspense. Although this novel sells in the publisher's edition for \$3, you may have a copy free if you join the Literary Guild now.

LITERARY GUILD MEMBERSHIP IS FREE!

Extraordinary savings which you can make the new books are your best reason for join- ing Literary Guild — especially since there are . You save 50% on the selections you decide phase. You can add to your library many of est, most important books, both fiction and ction, at a flat price of only \$2.00 each, re- ss of the higher price (from \$2.50 to \$4.00) ch these new books are sold at retail in the er's editions. The cash savings, plus bonus ven during the year, *save you at least 50% ctions you decide to purchase.*

re is no obligation on your part to accept a very month after you have joined. Your gation as a Guild subscriber is to accept, 0 each, four Guild selections in the course ll year and this means any four. These selec- will be brand-new books, full-sized cloth- new works of fiction or non-fiction, by nding modern authors. Each month's selec- chosen by our Editorial Staff from the ds of manuscripts and advance reading ublished by the publishers long in advance publication date. Every selection is printed same time as the publisher's edition, which on sale simultaneously at retail for not less \$2.50 and or as much 0.

**You Save
50%**

month the manufac- its sub- s such a dition of the osen by the al Staff that vings in e effected. gs are on to sub- in the form r prices, and l another he Literary ves each r a FREE is soon as ild selec-

tions have been purchased at only \$2.00 each. This FREE book is always a popular NEW title, selling at retail from \$2.50 to \$4.00!

Magazine "Wings" Free

As a Guild member you receive FREE each month the famous Guild magazine "Wings," which contains illus- trated articles about the current selection and its author and includes a special contribution by the author.

"Wings" is sent to subscribers one month in advance so that it describes the book selected for the following month. If you feel you do not want to examine the book, merely return the accompanying form, which notifies the Guild not to send it when the time comes. On the other hand, if the selection sounds interesting, it will come auto- matically for your approval.

"Wings" is also an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail prices.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Send No Money—Just Mail Attached Card

Guild service starts as soon as you accept Free mem- bership. "The Prodigal Women" will be sent you immedi- ately, absolutely FREE. You are urged to mail the card at once — this offer is for a limited time only. Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers, Garden City, N. Y.

**CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS CARD
NO STAMP NECESSARY**

FREE: "The Prodigal Women"

**Literary Guild of America, Inc., Publishers
Dept. 8AM, Garden City, N. Y.**

Please enroll me as a subscriber of the Literary Guild and send me "The Prodigal Women" (retail price in the publisher's edition \$3.00) absolutely FREE. I am also to re- ceive free each month the Guild magazine "Wings" and all other membership privi- leges. In consideration of this, I agree to purchase a minimum of four selections of my choice at only \$2.00 each (regardless of higher retail prices of the publisher's editions) within a year.

Mr.

Mrs.

Miss

PLEASE PRINT

Street and No.

City and State.

Occupation.

For plan service Canadian subscribers, write to Literary Guild, 832 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TUMULTUOUS NOVEL THAT BARES THE SOULS

3 WOMEN IN LOVE

THIS IS LEDA

She determined to marry into wealth and power, and succeeded; then another man came along who made her triumph a mockery!

THIS IS BETSY

She listened to her boy friend's music because he wanted her to, but she was impatient for the kisses to begin!

THIS IS MAIZIE

She chose a clandestine affair with a philandering artist and made a fateful tangle of both their lives!

FREE

If you join the LITERARY GUILD now . . .

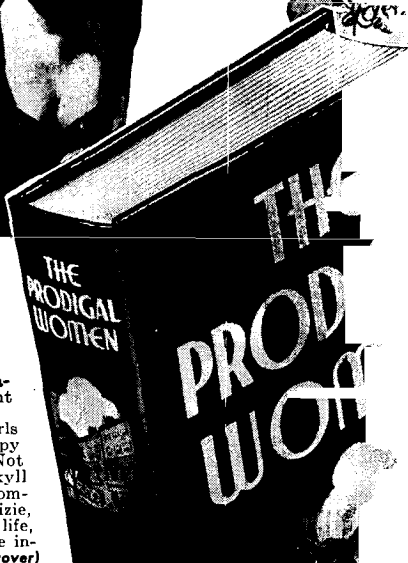
THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

by NANCY HALE

YOURS FREE with Literary Guild Membership -- this dramatic, outspoken novel that has provoked more excitement and discussion than any other American novel in recent years.

"The Prodigal Women" is the story of three unforgettable girls and the men they loved. Leda March is the sensitive, unhappy daughter of an insignificant branch of a great Boston family. Not until the arrival in her town of the carefree, haphazard Jekyll family from the South does Leda begin to understand what companionship really is. The two Jekyll girls, blonde, popular Maizie, and the hoydenish Betsy change the entire current of Leda's life, and the lives of the three girls from schooldays on become inextricably woven together.

(Continued on inside of this cover)



**A \$2.50
Best-Seller
568**

BUSINESS REPLY CARD

No Postage Stamp Needed If Mailed in United States

4c POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Few prose books are so dramatic, with character and with old war like the sexes."

See Inside
Cover — The
Attached C
Stamp